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## PÆSTUM

### I

Over the fields dyed deep with poppies' red  
Past the grey, weathered, flower-tufted walls,  
Through narrow, dusty ways unfrequented,  
In the still morning loveliness that falls  
On restless spirits in some quiet place,  
That breathes a peace to still our doubts and sighs,—  
Then suddenly I saw it face to face—  
Life's glory flashed on unbelieving eyes.  
Those Doric columns sea-bronzed by salt air,  
Shadows of mountains green and glint of sea—  
One had forgotten life could be so fair,  
And mellow gold clothe such austerity.  
For gods have dwelt here—though to us unknown ;  
Their beauty gleams in shaft of bronzed stone.

### II

Ceres and Neptune rule in amity  
At Pæstum, where blue sea meets gray-green fields,  
Where scarlet poppies blossom lavishly  
And moss grows in the chinks the old wall yields.  
The bare, brown columns touched by Ceres' hand  
Soften to wistful beauty; life of old  
No less serene, will burgeon and ex; and  
While those green mountains circle and enfold.  
Fragrance of blossom, coolness, tang of salt,  
Borne in from seas of lapis-lazuli,  
Are wafted high into the shadowy vault  
Of fluted pillars. Child of land and sea,  
*Pæstum*, that mountains and the seas enthrone,  
Two realms eternally shall claim their own,

## III

*(In Memoriam—M. C. W.)*

I wonder if your soul that loved so well  
The towering mountains looking on the sea,  
Loved too, the calmness and serenity  
Of classic loveliness, should come to dwell  
In Neptune's temple, where the waters tell  
A sad sea-song of vanished majesty,—  
Glimpse of a world that never more can be,  
A permanence where all else is variable—  
Would it not linger in this old-world scene,  
Yet love the softened beauty of today,  
Red poppies in the rifts, the swallow's call;  
On classic columns lizards' flash of green?  
While in your ears is sounding all the way  
The sound of Neptune through his echoing hall.

CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK.

## THE SANITY OF WONDERLAND

This is a ridiculous world. We could never take ourselves so seriously as we do if we had not all lost our sense of humor. For a sense of humor is merely one consequence of a sense of proportion, and that, of course, is precisely what we have to abandon in the process known as education. We learn to run frantically without any hope of getting anywhere. We study the art of great words and small words, sacred words and vulgar words, most of them alike in being totally devoid of definite significance. We can weep bitterly without real provocation; or we can shout "Off with his head!" without so much as knowing whose head we are talking about, or why. If we are tall, we imagine that we are therefore clever; when we are old, we imagine ourselves reverend.

Of course we are ridiculous. But we are not mad. We have saved ourselves from any such calamity by a definition; by defining madness relatively. The threat of madness is grandiose, anyway. It is like an enemy that can be faced and summarily shot down. But ridicule is like an evasive gadfly, to menace our peace of mind and bring us to our senses. Perhaps that is the reason why the world's wisest teachers have sought to get at us through our sense of humor. All our modern anti-Babbitt literature hardly equals for sheer effectiveness one sharp epigrammatic saying about a camel and a needle's eye. No evasive rationalizing can ever save society from that manifest conviction of wide-open absurdity.

Very likely the only level-headed, clear-eyed people in the world are children, those who have not yet been educated. They must be rather young children, and perhaps a bit stupid or stubborn, not to have fallen already into the ranks of the Philistines. Or maybe they have been neglected. But, for one cause or another, a child has a chance of seeing things in their right perspective. I haven't the least doubt in the world that the famous Bible texts about the efficacy of the leadership of *little* children, and the necessity of becoming like them, have reference to precisely this unique possibility of the child's mind.

And I am convinced that Lewis Carroll exploited the same truth when he meticulously composed and polished every detail of the Alice books.

The Reverend Professor Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, whom we all idolize as Lewis Carroll, the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, was one of those rare people who, never wholly growing up, retain a valid sense of humor. That is, their perception makes clear to them not only the discrepancies between facts that to most of us seem all alike within our social system; but, sometimes, even the awryness of the whole artificial human scheme of things.

Yet, Carroll was not unacquainted with the imposing fabric of adult civilization. Mathematics was his specialty and in it he attained eminence, for he was not only a professor in Christ Church College, Oxford, but also the author of scholarly mathematical works that won and kept the respect of the learned world. Divinity and logic were favorite studies with him, in which he advanced well beyond the amateur stage. And he made his bow as a serious poet. His poems, while not great, were respectable and eminently readable. He had a remarkably wide acquaintance among the people of his time, including scientists, authors, actors, royalty, churchmen, artists, and of course, educators. As an amateur photographer, he has left a valuable record of some of these celebrated people. One cannot doubt that, when he chose to satirize society, he had abundant opportunity to know what he was talking about.

And yet Lewis Carroll, if the truth were known, really stood on the outside looking in upon all of this. Like most of us, he had two natures. But most of us suppress one natural self, airing it annually perhaps on a camping trip; he, on the contrary, lived his two lives compatibly and equitably, not often forgetting either from day to day. For the most part, he was doubtless the reverend professor, a creature of books, lectures, duties, and the adult world. Throughout the hours and days of this plausible life, he kept his tongue so well hidden in his cheek that he passed with honors for a good citizen; and for all practical purposes he was. But Lewis Carroll, the child-minded critic of just these absurd refinements, lurked never far behind,

It required only a child to set this other mind at work. Like Dr. Jekyll, he tried to keep the weird transformation hidden. It was in his room, out on the river, in the homes of the children, or at his summer residence on the seashore that he gave freest rein to the spirit of childhood within him.

That spirit of childhood he recognized, however, as good, contrasted with the impurities of the adult point of view. To speak in the hackneyed language of religion, it is only through childhood that one approaches the heavenly kingdom. Somewhat sentimentally, perhaps, for us very-post-Victorians, he explains his attitude in the preface of *Alice Underground*, which was his earliest version of *Alice in Wonderland*: One who knows a child's mind

will have learned that the best work a man can do is [done] when he works for love's sake only, with no thought of name or gain or earthly reward. No deed of ours, I suppose, on this side of the grave is really unselfish; yet if one can put forth all one's powers in a task where nothing of reward is hoped for but a little child's whispered thanks, and the airy touch of a little child's lips, one seems to have come somewhere near to this.

And he added, in the appendix to the same book:

Surely the children's laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled from 'the dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral; and if I have written anything to add to those stores of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame or sorrow . . . when my turn comes to walk through the valley of the shadow.

But if this is the language of sentiment, it nevertheless has behind it the weight of sincerity, the support of a consistent life, and the redeeming alleviation of a buoyant sense of humor and proportion. Yet one cannot but regret the sentiment, which for our age tends to draw the power and point from one of our greatest religious pronouncements. Just think of it! The laughter of children is as sacred as the most solemn rites of religion. And just as our religion condemns the civilization we

live in, the things we do and approve, so the laughter of children puts us to scorn. Can it be something more than a coincidence?

Lewis Carroll knew the children for whom he wrote. They were little girls (he avoided boys, generally), who, as fast as they grew up, were replaced by ever new little girls. Alice herself was the daughter of George Henry Liddell, Dean of Christ Church College, where the apostle of children taught and spent his life. Alice was the middle one of three sisters, Lorina being a little older, and Edith a little younger. There are extant priceless photographs, of all three, taken by Lewis Carroll himself. He took several of Alice alone. Many of the pictures are reproduced in Stuart Dodgson Collingwood's *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*. But Belle Moses, in *Lewis Carroll in Wonderland and at Home*, gives a description which for most purposes is even better than the photographs, because it adds discriminating interpretation. She writes of Alice Liddell:

She was a dear little round, chubby child, a great camera favorite and consequently a frequent visitor to his rooms, for he took her picture on all occasions. One, as a beggar child, has become quite famous. She is pictured standing, with her ragged dress slipping from her shoulders and her right hand held as if begging for pennies; the other hand rests upon her hip, and her head is held in meek fashion; but the mouth has a roguish curve, and there is just the shadow of a laugh in the dark eyes, for of course it's only "make believe", and no one knows it better than Alice herself.

He took another picture of the children perched upon a sofa; Lorina in the center, a little sister nestling close to her on either side, making a pretty pyramid of three dark heads. Yet in studying the faces one can understand why it was Alice who inspired him. Lorina's eyes were looking straight ahead, but the lids were drooped with a little conscious air, as if the business of having one's picture taken was a very serious matter, to say nothing of the responsibility of keeping two small sisters in order. Edith is staring the camera out of countenance, uncertain whether to laugh or to frown, a pretty child with curls drooping over her face; but Alice, with the elf-locks and the straight heavy "bang", is looking far away with those wonderful eyes of hers.

If we may believe the celebrated poem which always precedes *Alice in Wonderland*, it was Alice (Secunda) who suggested that the tale contain nonsense:

Imperious Prima flashes forth  
Her edict "to begin it";  
In gentler tones Secunda hopes  
"There will be nonsense in it!"  
While Tertia interrupts the tale  
Not *more* than once a minute.

Of course that settles the matter. Any child who had the wisdom to ask for nonsense in a tale—in other words, who held fast to a critical view of life—demands and is worthy of the world's greatest story teller. Lewis Carroll could not do otherwise than accept her challenge. And thus the book was a personal book. The author felt that. He did not think of publishing it. But with his own hand he painstakingly copied it out, furnished it with drawings (for he could draw fairly well), and presented it to Alice, whose by right it was. Not till three years later (July 4, 1865) was he able to give her a printed copy, the suggestion of publication having come from George Macdonald of fairy tale renown. But Lewis Carroll never did look upon the Alice books as merely profitable commodity. At considerable loss to himself he recalled an issue of *Through the Looking Glass* "consisting of the sixtieth thousand", which, the author felt, because of the poor printing of the pictures, was "not worth buying". Copies of a newer and better issue were sent in exchange.

Throughout his life Lewis Carroll continued his friendship with an unbroken succession of little girls, all of them, according to his faithful camera, very beautiful and lovely. Some of them were then or later famous; at least one, Ellen Terry, was world famous. But there was never another Alice. Perhaps his vein had run out. He continued to write as cleverly and as expertly as ever, but the sheer spontaneous joy of the newly discovered Wonderland was gone. The later children were dear and bright, but apparently they never asked, with just the right hopefulness of tone, for nonsense.

Ruskin has pointed out that the fortunes of Shakespeare's heroes were in proportion to the adequacy of the heroines. Simi-

larly, one might urge that the real wisdom of men or women is determined always by their contact with children. For I do not see how we can ever learn wisdom from mere adults. Most of them are as blinded by the errors of civilization as we are ourselves. To them, as to us, a dress suit looks smart, the subway seems a great convenience, democracy seems an admirable form of government. Therefore as guides to wisdom they are useless. Unfortunately most children are useless too. A good many children have "a mean streak". They hunt with the hounds, as Samuel Butler puts it. Old before their time they abandon their natural wisdom and, with adult favor as a bribe, solemnly accept the absurdities of civilization. Of course there are some Alices still, small girls—and boys too—who insist upon dreaming. They demand nonsense. Such children do for the adults who are fortunate enough to know them the same sort of thing that the infants did for Faust after his death. They enable us to taste of true blessedness, to see things for once truly, as Lewis Carroll saw them. For, as he himself wrote, "Life, what is it but a dream?"

Perhaps all this seems paradoxical or cryptic. I do not intend it so. I am well aware that people consider sense a very admirable thing indeed. And most of them even admire common sense, which is the sort of thing that passes as sense, with the crowd. Such people must of course consider nonsense as rather trivial, not to say despicable. Indeed, it may be all of that. Very often, perhaps generally, it is. Nevertheless, nonsense has this very great advantage. It may be right. Sense, on the other hand, is always cowardly, always stultified, always adultish, always wrong. Every one knows that, in his heart. If you want to be a thorough fool and an arrant villain, just be consistently sensible. Common sense is a short cut to the same result. Only nonsense ever makes us magnificent, heroic, generous, saintly.

In Lewis Carroll's nonsense world, we are privileged to see our familiar adult society (somewhat exaggerated, so that we are sure to get the joke) through the thought of the wise child Alice. We are even imbued with a natural childish misgiving that possibly she may be wrong, and all the other peo-

ple, so big and imposing, right. For grown-up stupidity *is* impressive. The more idiotic we are, the more impressive we adults have to seem in order to carry our point. That is why statesmen, clergy, professors, and soldiers like to wear special clothes. And in Alice's nonsense world, accordingly, an enormous amount of dignity, arbitrariness, and paraded prestige are necessary to bolster up the absurd pretensions of the incompetent. Nevertheless there is in her world the underlying joyful certainty that they are incompetent, absurd, only a pack of cards after all. One is reminded of Emerson's motto to his essay on "Experience".

Little man, least of all,  
Among the legs of his guardians tall,  
Walked about with puzzled look.  
Him by the hand dear Nature took,  
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,  
Whispered, "Darling, never mind!  
To-morrow they will wear another face,  
The founder thou; these are thy race!"

The kindly wise Lewis Carroll, like Emerson's somewhat too abstract "dear Nature", pricks all their impressive bubbles with his keen ridicule. The bustling, spruce, worried Rabbit is at heart a poor, foolish, timid creature. The arbitrary, bloody Queen of Hearts is an ineffective, abysmally stupid person. The wordy semblance of profundity which is the essence of Humpty Dumpty turns out to be more amusing than authentic. The strenuously rapid Red Queen boasts that in her country "it takes all the running *you* can do to stay in the same place". One hardly needs to point out that this is a heightening of the effect which our stupid adult life must make upon a child like Alice. And nonsense is more welcome than sense to Alice because sense would present these same matters solemnly, as if they were real and to be taken at their face value; but nonsense holds up to all things the mirror which does not lie. And this dream world, then, is the actual world, the only satisfactory, honest, enjoyable world.

It is lucky that the author knew the conventional world which he ridiculed. He had to know it in order to be fair, and therefore effectively devastating. Alice herself could not have

turned the trick. Nobody but an unusually learned man could have done it. Easy as it is to be cynical or to see the absurdity of certain vain pretenses, the task of exposing a whole great civilization may not lightly or easily be accomplished. It is not enough to perceive the weakness of things; one must know the secret of that weakness.

Perhaps the most critical flaw in the structure of our absurd adult regime is our logic. Aristotle rated logic as the science of sciences, for all the rest depend upon it. Of course the fallibility of philosophical and even of scientific logic is notorious. But the sheer wrongheadedness of popular logic is scandalous beyond all computation. We first decide and then reason afterwards, in so shifty a way as to make the result tally with our desires. Such rationalizing, like the lying of Tartarin, by habit becomes sincere; we believe in it. Christian people reason their way to the acceptance of Christianity; modern women see the logic of cosmetics; young men in war time are convinced by the arguments of the militarists. They all believe in the validity of their processes of thought, unworried by the consideration that, under other circumstances, they would undoubtedly have reached quite opposite conclusions, even from exactly the same data. But we always refuse to be frank. We can't be. For we never really know why we do things. Expediency, habit, fear, perversity, curiosity, egotism, sex, all come at us from different directions. Constrained by such forces, we make up our minds long before we are aware that we have done so. Then we proceed to juggle with syllogisms, unconsciously, perhaps, or, if we have mastered the rules of this logical convention, deliberately. But in any case, by hook or by crook, the result will be, not a decision (for that has been made), but a justification—some more or less plausible argument.

Such arguments serve much the same purpose as the patter of a magician in a vaudeville act. It doesn't matter much what the man says, so long as the attention of the audience is held till the trick has been performed. When we argue with our superiors or equals, of course, we feel that it is necessary to persuade. But persuasion is something of an art, and very much of a nuisance. Therefore, in argument with those whom

we are sure we can easily master, we are hardly very particular whether we persuade or not. Such is especially the case when an adult argues with a child. Hence a child, unsubdued and not deceived, is generally equipped by experience to be an excellent authority upon logic. When the arbitrary creatures of Wonderland dictate to the forlorn little girl in their midst, we may be sure that the effect is similar to that which most children habitually experience in their talk with adults. The so-called logic of the grown-ups is to them (and would be to us if it were not for habit) as wild and arbitrary as the absurdities of the Red Queen or the Mad Hatter.

The latter, in fact, does expound some really orthodox logic, which, however, resembles all the rest in the humiliating effect which it has on poor Alice. In the process known to logic as conversion, Alice was dead wrong, while the Hatter had Aristotle for his strong ally. "I like what I get" is most certainly not the same thing as "I get what I like". Yet even here the argument arose through a deliberate misinterpretation of Alice's meaning. She had said that "I say what I mean" and "I mean what I say," were one and the same sentiment. Now, in a particular case, as in that of which they were speaking, her statement of identity of meaning might very well be true. It is only when one generalizes the statement into a rule that it obviously becomes false. In typical adult fashion, the Wonderland creatures were confuting the child by a true principle unfairly urged. No one knew this better than Lewis Carroll, author of many special works on logic.

The main mathematical idea which the professor of that subject put into his book was a principle in fractions, which he applied to ordinary affairs. It is really the philosophy of relativity. The numerator or the denominator, taken without the rest of the fraction, means just nothing at all. Its ultimate value depends upon that which goes with it. Thus  $\frac{1}{2}$  seems like a very small quantity. But  $\frac{5000}{2}$  is much larger. As every one knows, changing the denominator may also make a great difference in value. Philosophically, every human being is a part of a fraction, in which his importance depends upon the *relation* between himself and his environment. Some peo-

ple get along in the world by bringing things about to approximate their heart's desire; others keep perhaps equally happy by accommodating their desire to the state of things outside themselves. To Alice in the story is given a magic power of self-adjustment, which enables her in the nick of time to place herself well beyond the dominion of the petty beings who surround her. The wonderful growing and shrinking which periodically whisk her from adventure to adventure are not quite the cheap and silly device for which unimaginative adults sometimes take them. Size is really a very significant element in the fraction of our lives. The enormous importance which we customarily assign to reason, on the other hand, is undoubtedly the result of one of the conditioning limitations of that very faculty, which, like Braggadocchio in the *Faerie Queene*, is wont to claim many victories that were won by other champions. In spite of our arrogant reason, mere inanimate things that are too big for us (like the Mississippi River) and things that are too small for us (like the atom) still elude and defeat us, though the hope of ultimate conquest, forever receding, leads us on like a will-o'-the-wisp.

But Alice found that just being the right size would solve most of the problems at once. The notion of changing size is natural to her, a child. She has been smaller. She will be bigger. She knows what it is like to be carried about on people's shoulders. (How such an experience might broaden some minds!) She has companions of divers sizes, and she understands that the big ones can always win over the little ones. Most important of all, she is an imaginative child.

And the strange habit of shooting above the heads of the other characters gives Alice just the right experience for good comedy. The thing that makes us laugh is always a sudden shift from imposing grandeur to merest triviality, without any real harm being done. The trick must be turned sharply, quickly, without hurting any one. The usual device is to take for granted that no one was hurt, though Pat or Mike may be said to have fallen six floors down the elevator shaft. Naturally, we grow more or less weary of all this downfall of dignity for the sake of humor. Lewis Carroll tries the other process.

Dignity does not have to suffer a fall; Alice just shoots up. The puppy was so large that Alice felt as if she were "having a game of play with a cart horse". But the mere thought of how things would look if she were her right size was enough to bring out the humor of the situation. "'And yet what a dear little puppy it was!' said Alice, as she leaned against a buttercup to rest herself." What a sprightly imagination! No sooner has she laughed down at the puppy from the imagined safety of her wonted height than she draws the laugh upon herself by leaning against that buttercup. It is no marvel that *Alice in Wonderland* is too nimble for stodgy readers.

This philosophical and literary exploitation of the relativity of size is elaborated with less important results in the mathematical observation of looking glass laws of space in the second Alice book. There the author uses also the relativity of motion, in the Red Queen's frantic running. Perhaps we should have had more of that wholesome incident, had those been the days of joy rides. Then there is the relativity of time, when the White Queen pricks her finger in the future. Of course an original mind like Lewis Carroll's could easily perceive that the crossing of bridges is not the only act ever performed in the future.

But the most interesting of these minor relativities is the relativity of meaning, as explored by that ostentatious professor of semantics, Humpty Dumpty. Words, his discourse implies, really mean nothing at all *per se*. The assignment of meaning to sounds or written symbols is an entirely arbitrary matter, or may be. The question is, then, he concludes, which is master, the words or the speaker? Whenever he feels so inclined, therefore, he works his words overtime. Thus he decrees that for the nonce the word "glory" shall mean "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!" And the simple-minded Humpty Dumpty is not the only theorist to try out this philosophy of language. Every one knows the arrant Humpty Dumptyism of Gertrude Stein. James Joyce is not far behind her. Perhaps we all have lapses into it. Esperanto, Glanik, and Volapuk were the work of socially minded Humpty Dumpties, mobilizing for linguistic conquest. Of course the trouble with the theory is its failure to recognize

the fact of linguistic relativity. If words, for example, were meant only to conceal thought and to retain it exclusively in the one mind of the thinker, then I see no reason why every one should not use language in just this egg-headed way.

But I have no desire to turn over all the sly wisdom of the Alice books. At the beginning of this essay I remarked that madness, as usually defined, is a comparative term. Adults are compared only with other adults, and so the standard of sanity is low. Lewis Carroll suggests a new criterion. A learned man, rather extraordinarily well acquainted with the lore of modern culture, he throws his erudition and philosophy at the feet of an understanding child. Straightway the accumulated wisdom of the ages appears as nothing but ridiculous bombast. All the chattering creatures of adulthood, coming in contact with the touchstone mind of Alice, fall to the level of the March Hare and the Mad Hatter. Thus for once we get a sane view of society.

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### HIGH NOON

I wonder, have you changed within the year?  
Is your hair still the color of the sun?  
Your brow unfurrowed still? The smile upon  
Your lips as radiant, your voice as clear  
As on the night you kissed me? Ah, I fear,  
Since I was wooed so easily, you'll shun  
Me or will lightly greet me now as one  
Of the two score and five who hold you dear.

Yet if I see on your high-chiseled face  
The shadow of a wrinkle, in your hair  
One strand of gray, or even the least trace  
Of grief around your mouth, I will forswear  
Both fear and anger. With an awkward grace  
I'll take whatever love your eyes declare.

ALICE FREDA BRAUNLICH.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD AT OXFORD: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A FATHER AND SON

*"... I myself am properly a Philistine,—Mr. Swinburne would add, the son of a Philistine. And . . . through circumstances which will perhaps some day be known if ever the affecting history of my conversion comes to be written, I have, for the most part, broken with the ideas and tea-meetings of my own class. . . ."*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Having the great Arnold of Rugby for his father, Matthew Arnold began—and for a long time continued—his career suffering the inevitable comparison which the filial relationship invited. How difficult it is for us to escape the conviction expressed in the Old Testament sentence: "And the sons were in no wise better than their fathers"! Though the younger Arnold entered public life under this handicap, in the course of time he was so successful in winning distinction on his own merits that his kinship to the great Doctor Arnold was ignored. To-day, indeed, we think of the two men as quite distinct in their objectives and activity; nay, more than this, when the name "Arnold" is mentioned, most people think of Matthew Arnold rather than of his father. If the latter is remembered at all, thanks to Mr. Lytton Strachey, he is remembered chiefly as the exemplar of the most oppressive type of schoolmaster.

Gladstone it was, I believe, who first used the phrase, "the Arnoldism of the Arnolds"; thus happily focussing attention upon a peculiar family temperament which marked not only Matthew Arnold but all of the descendants of the great Victorian Master of Rugby. The Arnoldism which some of his pupils—notably Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Arthur Hugh Clough, and Thomas Hughes—made so significant a force in Victorian life and thought was surely something with which, in the nature of things, Matthew Arnold ought to have been identified. Certain similarities are, of course, quite apparent even in the most casual comparison of the work of the two men; their interest and efforts for instance, in the development of the British educational scheme, but aside from this the indebtedness of the son to the

father is not so clear. The reason is patent. Doctor Arnold's activities outside of the sphere of education are forgotten except, possibly, by those who read Stanley's famous *Life of Thomas Arnold* for a more disinterested purpose than merely to cull therefrom the great Doctor's ideas on how to run a preparatory school. And since these other activities are forgotten, it has not occurred to those who are interested in the work of his more famous son to ask just how far their activity was related.

Yet there have been those—Mr. George Saintsbury chief among them—who have pointed out the difference in aim and method of the son from that of the father, even hinting, indeed, that Matthew Arnold was apathetic, if not hostile, to his father's philosophy and activity. To inquire exactly into the intellectual filiations of the two men would be too complicated and lengthy a matter to enter into here, but a "natural history" of the relations of a Victorian father and son would, it seems to me, not only be interesting in itself, but contribute something to a more comprehensive understanding of what underlay Matthew Arnold's complete change in the subject-matter of his writing after 1867. In a paragraph of one of his letters written that year, he revealed what was going on in his mind at that time: "I have been reading this year in connection with the New Testament a good deal of Aristotle and Plato and this has brought papa very much to mind again. Bunsen used to say that our great business was to get rid of all that was purely Semitic in Christianity, and to make it Indo-Germanic; and Schleiermacher, that in the Christianity of us Western nations there was really much more of Plato and Socrates than of Joshua and David; and on the whole papa worked in the direction of these ideas of Bunsen and Schleiermacher, and was perhaps the only powerful Englishman of his day who did so. In fact, he was the only deeply religious man who had the necessary culture for it. Then I never touch on considerations about *the State* without feeling myself on his ground. At this time of year, and with my birthday reminding me how much of my time is spent, I like to bring before my mind the course and scope of his labours, and to try and connect my own with them. Perhaps the change of times and modes of action being allowed for, my scope is not so dif-

ferent from his as you and I often think." There, in those words, one gets the secret motivation of those books which Mr. Saintsbury lamented: *Culture and Anarchy*, *St. Paul and Protestantism*, *Literature and Dogma*, *God and the Bible*, *Irish Essays*, and *Mixed Essays*. The paragraph clearly indicates that when Matthew Arnold was recognized as England's foremost critic of literature, he was deliberately turning to complete the unfinished work of his father, re-interpreting *mutatis mutandis*, the latter's religious and political philosophy for the special needs of the late Victorian era. In short, where the father described the arc, the son completed the circle.

And that arc was projected when Matthew Arnold was an undergraduate in Tractarian Oxford; there, because of a tragedy which then occurred and which profoundly effected him, he first became acutely conscious of "the Arnoldism of the Arnolds".

## I

In 1830, two years after the appointment of Dr. Arnold to the Mastership of the great Public School with which his name is indelibly associated, Matthew Arnold left the household of his uncle Buckland at Laleham and proceeded to Rugby to continue his elementary education at home in the company of his brothers and sisters under the supervision of his parents. During the following six years under these conditions his character developed, boy-fashion, in a direction which was far from winning the entire approbation of his austere father. In 1836, when he was sent with his younger brother Thomas to Winchester School, the two Arnold boys were compared by their father as follows: "There are only eleven months between their ages, and both of them have been accustomed to read in the same books. The older has more than the superiority of age over his brother in the freedom and power of his compositions; but in general intelligence, in knowledge, and depth of character, the younger is quite equal to him." It would take a very sharp eye indeed to detect in this comment a note of concern, yet when the older boy returned home from his vacations his "barbarities and crudities of language", as his younger brother phrased it, so deeply provoked his father that he was isolated

from his brothers and sisters for fear of his unwholesome influence. Nor was his career at Winchester a success. The cause of his removal after one term is recorded by his brother Thomas. At Winchester, wrote the latter, "my brother always talked freely, and it happened that at a breakfast with the master of his form, without thinking of the consequences, he spoke of some part of the work of the form in which he was, as being light and easy. 'Indeed,' said the doctor, laughing, 'we must see to that' or something to that effect. A stupid boy from senior part was present and took the matter very seriously. Being older and stronger than my brother, he attacked him as we returned into Commons and practically impressed upon him the wickedness of making little to the headmaster of the form work. From this slight cause, my brother became unpopular in the school, and when the time came on . . . for the exhibition of feelings of disapproval towards boys who were supposed to have deserved ill of the school republic, my brother was brought out, placed at the end of the great school, and amid howls and jeers, pelted with a rain of pontos (balls made with the soft insides of a fresh roll) for some time." As a consequence Matthew did not return at the beginning of the next term. Instead, he was enrolled as a schoolboy in Rugby on June 25, 1837, when he was fourteen years of age. There he remained until the fall of 1841; four years in which he made considerable progress, winning several distinctions: in 1840 he won the prize for the best English essay on "Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries Compared" and, the next year, the poetry prize for his "Alaric in Rome", and the prize for the best Latin essay on the subject, "De Imperior et rebus gestis Caroli cognomine Audacis, qui ultimus suae gentis Dux Burgundiae praefuit."

These evidences of ability at Rugby, however, did not satisfy his father, especially in view of the fact that Doctor Arnold had some misgivings about sending his son to Oxford where the Tractarian movement, whose direction and activities he profoundly distrusted, seemed to him to require in all young men who matriculated there a firmness of character and discernment of inadequacies which he failed to see in his boy. Seri-

ously, indeed, he considered sending him to Cambridge where there was an influential colony of former Rugbeians whose minds had been shaped by him; but he finally succumbed to the spell of his *alma mater*, partly because of his own great faith in her wisdom and power, but more especially because he religiously believed in the efficacy of Oxford to make her sons thoroughly acquainted and familiar with three or four great classics for life. Matthew's winning of a Balliol scholarship, a distinction not to be despised, consummated Doctor Arnold's decision to send his son to Oxford. Yet even in the summer preceding the young man's university residence he was still disturbed by deficiencies of his son's progress. "Matt," he wrote the latter's tutor, "does not know what it is to work, because he knows so little what it is to think. But I am hopeful about him more than I was; his amiableness of temper seems very great, and some of his faults appear less; and he is so loving to me that it ought to make me not only hopeful, but very patient and long suffering towards him. Besides he is not so idle as he was, and that there is a better prospect of his beginning to read in earnest. Alas! that we have to talk of prospect only, and of no performance as yet which deserves the name of 'earnest reading'."

In Michaelmas Term, 1841, the youth matriculated in Balliol College, Oxford. By the beginning of the next year it was evident to everyone that the Oxford Movement had reached a crisis. "The year 1842," said Dean Church, "Opened with war; war between the university authorities and the party of the movement, which was to continue in various forms and with little intermission till the strange and pathetic events of 1845 suspended the fighting and stunned the fighters." Matthew Arnold, therefore, entered Oxford at a most interesting time. His career as an undergraduate coincided with the eclipse and collapse of Tractarianism as a party movement; and he himself, as a scholar of the college where the Catholic party laid its last siege, lived in the midst of ecclesiastical and theological turmoils. The story of his intellectual development may be seen to have had its beginnings in such a climate. That climate was intensest in Balliol, which in some quarters was flippantly, and in others con-

temptuously, alluded to as an "out-and-out Arnoldian" college.<sup>1</sup> And, to cap the significance of the moment, he entered the university as the son of the foremost opponent of the party which was then dominant in Oxford.

"Few men outside its own course," wrote the author of *The Anglican Revival*, "have for the critical history of the Oxford movement an importance comparable to that of Thomas Arnold who, brought up in chiefly the same surroundings, became the exact opposite of Tractarianism in the thirties, embodying all that it lacked and avoided: historical conception, theological and political liberalism, Erastianism." The conflict between Newmanism and Arnoldism, even though it has been often described, is not too unedifying a spectacle to recall here. Although from our present point of view, there does not seem to be much to choose between the opinions of the two men, there was, as every one knows, a sharp disagreement between them as to the structure and function of the Church. Briefly stated, Arnold sought for a "comprehensive" or *inclusive* Church which would be intimately allied with the State and reabsorb on a broad basis the sects which are outside of the English Establishment; Newman, on the other hand, sought a Church of absolute authority which would be rigidly *exclusive* with a heavy insistence upon Catholic orthodoxy in doctrine and tradition, and was considerably provoked by Doctor Arnold's "Erasianizing" proclivities. "Newman's initial mistake," someone has written, "was that he began by searching for the true Church rather than the Church of truth—he inverted the right order." However gentle and mild he appears in his severely edited works which have come down to us, he was dogmatic and intol-

<sup>1</sup> The reason for this is as follows: Since the revision of its method for selecting its Scholars in 1828, Balliol had attracted by its competitive examinations the most promising and brilliant products of the great Public Schools. The efficiency of the Rugbeian system under Dr. Arnold was demonstrated by the large number of the latter's pupils who won these Scholarships. Rugbeians in company with the Snell Exhibitioners—graduates of a Scottish University,—imparted to the College a decidedly "liberal" tone. To "capture" this liberal college, which was also because of its spectacular record of honors-men in the Final Schools the "blue ribbon college" of Oxford, quite reasonably became one of the objectives of the Tractarians.

erant in controversy. Arnold, on the other hand, lacking the acuteness and cunning of Newman in debate, bluntly endeavored to enlarge the educational function of the Church by generous proposals of tolerance, and even went so far as to urge the removal of theological tests to permit dissenters to come into the Establishment without having their intellectual integrity insulted. Though he lacked Newman's facility and grace in logic, Doctor Arnold did not suffer from Newman's fatal mental defect, the tendency to substitute poetry for fact.

Quite obviously, these champions of antithetical conceptions of the Church soon engaged in conflict, which seemed destined to be fought out by the young disciples of both men in the two great universities. Newman's influence over the imagination and sentiments of Oxonian undergraduates through his eloquence in the pulpit of Saint Mary's was matched by the hero-worship which Doctor Arnold, consciously or otherwise, evoked in his Rugbeians. From the moment when Newman opened fire on the Liberalism of Dr. Arnold and his friends,<sup>2</sup> attempting to indoctrinate the country with his mediæval scholasticism, Arnold steadfastly set his face against the movement Newman was leading. He did not mince words with his friends. Through tracts, public addresses, Rugby sermons, and above all in the famous *Edinburgh Review* essay, "The Oxford Malignants", he stoutly resisted the innovating doctrines of the Newman party. "I doubt whether I should be a good person to deal with anybody who is inclined to Newmanism," he wrote to a former pupil in 1838, "not living at Oxford and seeing only the books of the Newmanites, and considering only their system, with anything less than unmixed aversion, because he appears to be already diseased; and, do what I will, I cannot make allowances enough for the peculiar circumstances at Oxford, because I cannot present to my mind distinctly the state there. Their doctrines are not to me like a new thing, but they have been familiar to me for years. They are the very errors which in studying moral and religious truths, I have constantly had to observe and eschew." And in another letter, one written to the provost of

<sup>2</sup> See *Creative Oxford* by the present writer, pp 52-55.

Oriel, he wrote: "You think that Newman is one extreme, and I another, and so I am well aware that, in common estimation, we should be held. . . . In our views of the importance of the Church, Newman and I are pretty well agreed. . . . But my quarrel with Newman and the Romanists, and with the dominant party in the Church up to Cyprian is, that they have just a false Church in place of the true, and through this counterfeit, have destroyed the reality." Newman frankly acknowledged the antagonism. "At that time—in 1838—" he wrote in the *Apologia*, "I was especially annoyed with Dr. Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one asked in a conversation at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian. It was answered that Dr. Arnold took it: I interposed, 'But is he a Christian?'" Newman's peculiar notions of the beneficence of Providence was thus indicated upon hearing of Doctor Arnold's death: "If it is right to speculate on such serious matters, there is something quite out of comfort to be gathered from the removal from the scene of action at the time it took place, as if so good a man should not be suffered to commit himself against truth he so little understood."

Newman was, however, quite ready to admit the high moral attitude of Doctor Arnold's pupils whom he met in Oxford. And they, for their part, quickly recognized the saintly aspirations of the Tractarian leader, knowing perfectly well that sooner or later a clash between the opposing champions was inevitable. "I dread more and more," Stanley wrote, "a collision between Arnold and the High Church. At present he and Newman seem to be almost antagonistic powers, whereas really they are of the very same essence."

Was John Henry Newman the lunar power which swept the tides of Matthew Arnold's thought while he was an undergraduate? Like his friends, the young Arnold was attracted by Newman's subtle *arpeggios* of speech; he saw the hero of a legend enveloped in a penumbra of mystery, a wan being of lights and shadows, a poet and a saint. The preacher of St. Mary's, so frail yet so resolute a fighter, in the yellow twilight of Sabbath even-song exercised a strange spell over his mind. Something unearthly, mystical, hovered about the presence of the ascetic,

an aureole of other-worldliness. His facility of diction pure and undefiled, his cogency and winsomeness in persuasion, his saintliness of temperament, allured the youth like some ghostly charm from the strange realms of faërie. Acute in his arguments yet never the mere reasoner, profound in his knowledge of the human heart and its affections, gentle and alert in scenting danger, Newman swept the chords of Matthew Arnold's soul with a musician's magic.

Once having read them no one can ever forget the latter's words in tribute to the Tractarian mystic which he wrote towards the end of his life. "Who," he asked, "could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever."

Yet even in the immediate presence of these words it is necessary to distinguish between the power of ideas and the power of personality. Newman's ideas did, it is true, hold for Matthew Arnold the cobra-like fascination that they did for his friend Clough; but greater than the ideas was the charm of utterance in which they were bathed. We have the authority of his brother Thomas, his contemporary at Oxford, that Matthew Arnold, though greatly impressed by Newman's rhetorical and logical powers, was never captivated by the Catholicising element in the ideas. From Newman he learned the art of persuasion through the adroit use of words. To him Newman exquisitely disclosed and was himself the example of the "secret of Oxford". In the course of time he came to realize Newman's significance as an instrument of the *Zeitgeist* in being the spokesman for Oxford in a time of grave peril: "Who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movement, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism,—who will

estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer."

## II

If the mind of an undergraduate is made by the impacts of the college society in which he moves, he cannot, then, entirely resist the climate of ideas in which he finds himself. The resulting incubation produces attitudes, preferences, and loyalties, even, perhaps, on a plane lower than consciousness.

Rugbeians who had preceded Matthew Arnold to Oxford provided the society and the atmosphere which enabled him to listen sympathetically to the great leader of the Tractarians and at the same time to resist the futile scholasticism of the doctrine. For although Doctor Arnold viewed Newman's doctrines with suspicion and considerable intolerance, he made no effort to create antagonism towards Newman himself. "The only hope is with the young," he wrote, "if by any means they can be led to think for themselves, without following a party; and to love what is good and true, let them find it where they will." So deeply did he graft this idea in the minds of his pupils that though they entered the University more familiar, perhaps, with the inherent defects in the Tractarian proposals than many others then entering Oxford, they were not averse to hearing them elaborated by the champions of the Catholic school. Their tolerance won the respect of the latter. "By the accession of Dr. Arnold's pupils," Newman confessed, "Liberalism was invested with an elevation of character which claimed the respect even of its opponents." And in the course of time, in their discovery of much that was pure, high-minded, and inspiring in Tractarianism, they experienced a widening of horizons, a deepening of thought and character, without yielding to its systematised philosophy. "These younger Liberals," wrote the historian of the Movement, "were interested in the Tractarian innovators, and, in a degree, sympathized with them

as a party or movement who had the courage to risk and sacrifice much for an unworldly end, and they felt that their own opportunity was come when all the parties which claimed the orthodoxy of the English Church appeared to have broken for good with one another." The same writer contrasted their spirit with that of their intellectual progenitors. "Whereas," Dean Church wrote, "the old Liberalism had hitherto been represented in Oxford in forms which though respectable for intellectual vigor, were unattractive, sometimes repulsive," the newer Liberalism, on the other hand, was "much bolder, less inclined to put up with the traditional, more searching and inquisitive in its methods, more suspicious and daring in its criticism; but it was much larger in its views and sympathies, and, above all, it was imaginative, it was enthusiastic, and without much of the devotional temper, it was penetrated by a sense of the reality and seriousness of religion."

As Doctor Arnold's pupils colonized in Balliol, that College increasingly became the headquarters of this new Liberalism. In no sense could these younger Liberals be called a party, yet most of them were infected with Arnolism, the chief apostle of which was Arthur Hugh Stanley, who had entered Oxford from Rugby in 1834 shortly after the launching of the great Movement. Stanley had no intention of becoming Newman's opponent; but he entertained ambitious ideas, derived probably from the Master of Rugby, to engage in efforts for the reformation of the University. "It does not follow," Doctor Arnold wrote him, "because one admires and loves the surpassing beauty of the place and its associations, or because one forms in it the most valuable and delightful friendships that therefore one is to uphold its foolishness, and try to perpetuate its faults." And Stanley himself, in 1837, wrote to one of his friends concerning his plans: "One of the great objects of my ambitions is to set systematically and deliberately at work to effect university reformation, if it is possible, there is nothing which I would seek further." His apostolic zeal on behalf of the Arnolidian philosophy did much in stamping Balliol with its liberalism. "I don't know anything," he enthusiastically wrote, "that gives me more hope for the future than . . . strong praise from men who

know Dr. Arnold very imperfectly. It makes me feel, perhaps rather superstitiously, that he cannot have all these extraordinary qualities given him for nothing, and that he is, or will be, the great Elijah of the present crisis."

Another of the able and influential Rugbeians in Balliol was Arthur Hugh Clough, who had entered the College as a Rugby Scholar in Michaelmas Term, 1837, and in that society, already stirred by the pervasive influence of Carlyle and German idealism, he moved with distinction. "Clough seemed," wrote Archbishop Temple, "when I first knew him, the ablest and greatest man I had ever come across, and the one from whom I learned more than from any other man I ever knew." And Archbishop Tait wrote in a similar vein: "It was towards the end of 1840 that I first saw A. H. Clough. As a freshman I looked with respect approaching to awe on the Senior Scholar, of whom I had heard so much, stepping out on Sunday mornings to read the first lesson in Balliol Chapel. How clearly I remember his massive figure, in scholar's surplice, standing before the brass eagle, and his deep rolling tones as he read some chapter from the Hebrew prophets. . . . The younger undergraduates felt towards him a distant reverence, as a lofty and profound nature quite above themselves whom they could not quite make out, but who was sure some day to become great. Profaner spirits, nearer to his own standing, sometimes made a joke of this then exceeding silence and reserve, and of his unworldly ways." But in spite of these great expectations, Clough greatly disappointed Doctor Arnold by his failure to win first class honors in the Final Schools in the very year that Matthew Arnold entered Balliol. "I remember," wrote the younger Thomas Arnold, "his coming to my father in the front court of the schoolhouse, standing in front of him with face partly flushed and partly pale, and saying simply 'I have failed.' My father looked gravely at him, but what he said in reply I do not remember or whether he said anything."

Clough's attitude toward the Tractarian Movement was the completion of the curve set by Doctor Arnold. To us his vacillation seems tragic. Yet his mind was bombarded by one of the keenest thinkers in the Balliol society, William George

Ward, who, after having served a virulent apprenticeship to Benthamism, had passed on to an equally violent espousal of Whateleyanism, and was, at the time Clough first met him, passionately propagating Doctor Arnold's views everywhere. He was at best a doubtful asset to any party. Suddenly he renounced his Liberalism without any warning, repudiated Arnold and all his works, and plunged headlong into the vortex of Newmanism. "There was something intolerably provoking in his mixture of jauntiness and seriousness," wrote Dean Church, "his avowal of utter personal unworthiness and his undoubting certainty of being in the right. . . . He was not a person to hide his views, or to let others hide theirs. He lived in an atmosphere of discussion with all about him, friends or opponents, fellows and tutors in common-rooms, undergraduates after lecture or out walking. The most amusing, the most tolerant man in Oxford, he had around him perpetually some of the cleverest and brightest scholars of the place, and where he was, there was debate, cross-questioning, pushing inferences, starting alarming problems, beating out ideas, trying the stuff and metal of mental capacity." When he embraced Tractarianism, he employed all his dialectical powers, powers unsurpassed by any in Oxford and probably equalled only by Whateley whom he resembled in physical and mental aspects, to justify his action and to win converts. Clough, to use his own words, was almost "sucked up the chimney" of Tractarianism when he seceded from the Arnoldian ranks, and audaciously printed his defence of the Roman Catholic Church, *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, precipitating the crisis which the Tractarians sought to avoid. His subsequent trial for heresy in 1844, occasioned by his book, and his expulsion from Oxford as a penalty for his impudence, dramatically concentrated attention upon him and his College. He made Balliol, during the later years of Matthew Arnold's career as an undergraduate there, a hotbed of theological discussion and controversies.

Stanley and Clough were the two Balliol men nearest in temperamental and intellectual affinities to Matthew Arnold, best representing the liberalism and the general tone of the society in which they all moved. Robert Scott, of Greek lexicon fame,

was Master of the College at the time, but the tutors under whom Arnold studied were also scholars of deserved eminence: Archibald Campbell Tait, who was the chief instigator of the attack on Newman's famous Tract Ninety; Charles William Lake, a former Rugbeian; Frederic Temple who, though not a Rugbeian, was a pronounced disciple of Doctor Arnold; and Benjamin Jowett, Stanley's closest friend and coadjutor in the propagation of Arnoldian opinions.

During the first year of Matthew Arnold's residence, Tait lectured on Aristotle and Butler; he was a vigorous and fluent speaker, perhaps the ablest tutor in the Oxford of his day. "We quickly felt," Lake wrote of him, "the straight-forwardness and manly simplicity of his character, combined with a thorough courtesy of mind and manner of heart, a little veiled by his reserve. . . . He was a man of action rather than of deepest thought. . . . He was almost the only tutor of a powerful intellect, and high moral tone, who was hardly in the least influenced by the spirit which moved almost every young man of thought in Oxford from 1835 to 1845." Naming Matthew Arnold among Tait's scholars, Lake said of them that they were "a set of young fellows very much disposed to take their own line—no doubt too much so—almost from the first days of their Oxford life."

Jowett, who succeeded Tait in the tutorship when the latter followed Doctor Arnold as Master of Rugby, was to be an abiding force in Matthew Arnold's intellectual life, for it was he who, remaining in Oxford after Tait's withdrawal, continued the Arnoldian tradition until it fructified in victory. As a consequence, academic reprisals brought upon him by his opponents compelled him to suffer the brunt of the struggle almost single-handed. Like Clough, he had been for a time one of Ward's satellites before the latter's capitulation to Newmanism; "I cannot resist the charm of the fat fellow whenever I get into his company," he once wrote Stanley. "You like him as you like a Newfoundland dog. He is such a large, jolly, shaggy creature." Jowett, however, held back from following Ward into the Newmanite ranks, and collaborated with Stanley in completing one of Doctor Arnold's projects, a translation of

the Pauline Epistles. Greater as a teacher and formative power upon the minds of those who sat under him than as a writer, Jowett was only five years older than Matthew Arnold, a not too great disparity in age for close social and intellectual reciprocity. Having saved himself from Tractarian engulfment by his relentless and disintegrating scepticism, under the ceaseless play of his acute mind, Jowett made it impossible for Matthew Arnold completely to embrace Newmanism. Clough, who was nearer Jowett's age, was not so completely under the latter's influence. "Such men as Clough, and Matthew Arnold," wrote Jowett's biographer, "were too conscious of their own powers to see what lay beneath their youthful teacher's quiet but rather peremptory manner: and, in return, while Clough's personality certainly impressed him . . . it was not until long afterward that he learned to take Matthew Arnold seriously." Jowett was then deep in his reading of Hegel and was beginning the famous lectures on Plato. At the moment when Matthew Arnold entered the College he had just returned from a German tour and consequently was enthusiastic in his devotion to the German idealist. His passion for the Hegelian *Zeitgeist* was too infectious for young Arnold to resist, and we may trace to that contact with Jowett Matthew Arnold's later firm adherence to the Hegelian philosophy of history. No doubt at that time in Hall and on walks he engaged in earnest talks with Jowett, deriving at first hand the latter's impressions of the great German philosophers and historians whom he had so recently met abroad; and there is hardly less doubt that the discussions in the classroom with his fellow scholars—Edward Palmer, James Riddell, Edward Walford, and C. S. Lock—were equally loaded with references to the new idealism then permeating Oxford.

Apart from Stanley, Lake, Clough, Hughes, and Walron—all former Rugbeians—Matthew Arnold's closest companions were his younger brother Thomas who followed him to Oxford the following year, and a choice Etonian, John Duke Coleridge, later Chief Justice of England and a great-nephew of the poet. This young Coleridge, who had attended the Buckland school at Laleham before his entrance at Eton, was then a Disraelian

youth—say a Vivian Grey—; a man of money, the only son of an indulgent father. Lavish with his cash, he freely spent it upon rare engravings, books, and relics with which he decorated his rooms. He also indulged in flamboyant raiment. He was a member of that famous Oxford Society to which Matthew Arnold belonged, “The Decade”, to which an irreverent scout once referred as “The Decayed”. Members of the club met in one another’s rooms, discussing all matters human and divine, beating out the universe on the anvils of their talk. The only recorded anecdote of Arnold’s connection with it was his failure to appear when he was to have spoken in behalf of Wordsworth against the contention that “Alfred Tennyson is the greatest poet of his age”. Besides being a member of “The Decade”, Matthew Arnold was one of a group of four Balliol men who breakfasted in Clough’s room at Oriel—by that time the latter was an Oriel Fellow—on Sunday mornings; the other members of the group, besides Clough himself, were Theodore Walrond and Thomas Arnold the younger.

Studies, alas! meant less to him than the new freedom which he found in Oxford and he later wrote that these were the freest, the happiest days of his life. He swam daily in Holywell, seldom “sported his oak”; indulged in the terrible but fashionable dress of the period; and roamed in pure love of freedom over the beautiful “Thyrsis” country. Universally admitted to be clever, he depended upon his readiness of wit to save him from academic disgrace. Charlotte Brontë noted with disapproval his display of extravagant waistcoats when she met him during one of his vacations at home. A legend has it that he was the only Oxonian who ever vaulted the Wadham railings. He waited until the evening before his examinations in the Final Schools before he gave himself up to the task of distinguishing between the various pre-Socratic philosophers; he engaged Jowett to read to him consecutively through the late hours of the night, occasionally interrupting him with exclamations like, “What remarkable fellows they must have been!” “While he was at Oxford,” Max Müller the Orientalist wrote, “few people detected [in him] the poet or the man of remarkable genius. What was against him was his lack of serious-

ness. A laugh from his hearers or readers seemed to be more valued by him than their serious opposition, or their convinced assent. He trusted, like others, to *persiflage*, and the result was that, when he tried to be serious, people would not forget that he might at any time turn around and smile, and decline to be taken *au grand sérieux*." "He showed," said C. W. Lake, "both the strong and weak sides of his character, for he was certainly equally brilliant and desultory, and when he was obliged by the strictness of the college rule to go into the schools at the end of his third year, his examiners and his tutors were equally disappointed." And the lines of his friend, John Campbell Shairp, state the same thing:

The one wide-welcomed for his father's fame,  
Entered with free bold step that seemed to claim  
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,  
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,  
Or half-adream chaunting with jaunty air  
Great words of Goethe, catch of Beranger,  
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,  
But knew not then the undertone that flows  
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

### III

A few months after Matthew Arnold began his Balliol residence, his father was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University; an appointment which, since Doctor Arnold was regarded as the chief opponent of the Tractarians, practically amounted to an official rebuke to the aggressive operations of the Catholic party. This recognition, even more important as an honor than as a triumph, greatly elated the Rugbeians in Oxford. It was, said Stanley's biographer, "the one bright spot which the outlook at Oxford afforded him [Stanley]. . . . He looked forward to Dr. Arnold's lectures as the advent of a fresh, invigorating breeze across a parched and sultry plain, as the counterpoise to what he considered the evil tendencies of the Oxford Movement, as the infusion of a new life into the decaying professorial system." In January, 1842, Doctor Arnold journeyed with his family to Oxford

and delivered his Inaugural Address. While the Tractarians were dismayed with the ovation he received the Liberals were elated with his success. "No one," wrote Stanley, "who has not witnessed the very thin attendance upon the usual lectures of professors can fully appreciate my delight at seeing the crowds of men standing till the theatre doors were open. There was a regular rush; the whole of the arena and lower gallery were completely filled—such an audience as no professor ever lectured to before, larger even than to hear the famous inaugural lecture by Hampden. . . . Arnold came in and took his seat amidst a burst of applause. It was most striking, and to all who had been at Rugby, most affecting, to see him at last standing there in his proper place, receiving the homage of the assembled university, and hear him addressing them in that clear, manly voice, which one has known and loved so well. It lasted for an hour, was listened to with the deepest attention and closed, as it had begun, with universal applause."

After delivering the opening lectures of the course, Doctor Arnold returned to Rugby, sending his family to Fox How, his summer home in the Westmoreland country, adjacent to Wordsworth's Rydal Mount. On his birthday, June 12, which fell on the following Sunday, he failed to come down to breakfast; and the servants of the family, becoming worried over his failure to appear, sent one of them to his room. After some difficulty this servant succeeded in entering the room and there he found his master to have died of heart failure during the night. The sad news quickly spread. Charles W. Lake, who was at Rugby at the time, at once left for Westmoreland to inform the family at Fox How; when he reached there he found them waiting for Doctor Arnold. He communicated the news to them and escorted them back to Rugby for the funeral. When they arrived at the old school, Stanley and some other Rugbeians had returned and were making arrangements for the burial. "I went with Mr. Hill and Matt," Stanley wrote, "to fix upon the place in the chapel for the burial. It is to be within the rails, immediately before the Communion table, that being the place which was usually allotted to the body of the founder; and as the real Founder is buried elsewhere, I think one may

safely predict that there will never arise another who can dispute his place to it." The interment followed these plans, with Matthew Arnold supporting his mother at the grave.

The moment was deeply engraved on his soul; he never forgot it. After the mellowing process of fifteen years, he returned to the dim twilight of the Chapel on an autumn evening; what he felt he expressed in one of his most beautiful poems:

Fifteen years have gone round  
Since thou arodest to tread,  
In the summer morning the road  
Of death, at a call unforeseen,  
Sudden. For fifteen years,  
We who till then in thy shade  
Rested as under the boughs  
Of a mighty oak, have endured  
Sunshine and rain as we might,  
Bare, unshaded, alone,  
Lacking the shelter of thee.

In the poem, "Rugby Chapel," from which these lines are taken, he notes the tragedy of a life cut short in the midst of a great work. The idea seems to have preyed upon his mind, as any one may discover by reference to his comments on his father's labors as recorded in his letters. However different his method was from that of his father, his literary intention during the last half of his life, it becomes evident, was to carry out this unfinished work. The "secret" of his life, then—to use one of his own favorite phrases—may be found to have had its genesis in the tragic experience of his father's sudden death. Had not his grandfather, William Arnold, collector of customs at Cowes, Isle of Wight, died "suddenly of spasm of the heart", as Stanley worded it; and had not his two paternal uncles, William and Matthew Arnold, died from the same cause? Does not this evidence of an inherited tendency to heart failure in the Arnold family suggest the hidden cause of the "sad undertone that flowed" in his poetry, coloring his thought and giving decision to his literary efforts; did not he, too, like that Mycerinus of his poem, live under the sentence of death which might come to pass at any moment? At least, he was susceptible to the same disease, and the fact that in the Spring of 1888 he did succumb to it lends plausibility to the theory.

If this be true, then the most poignant memory of his Oxford career was his father's sudden death at the moment of triumph. It haunted him, inspiring that spirit of "resignation" which he made the subject of one of his first poems; it created the mood which made all of his poems so eminently elegiac in character. After the termination of his own brilliant ten-year career as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, he was profoundly conscious that he was approaching the age at which his father had died and that possibly he himself had only a short time to live. In his birthday letter of 1868 to his mother, he reminded her: "Now I am within one year of papa's age when he ended his life; and how much he seems to have put into it, and to what ripeness of character he had attained! Everything has seemed to come together to make this year the beginning of a new time to me; the gradual settlement of my own thought, and then my dear, dear Tommy's death. . . . All these things point to a new beginning, yet it may well be that I am near my end, as papa was at my age, but without papa's ripeness, and that there will be little time to carry forward the new beginning. But that is all the more reason for carrying it as far as one can, and as earnestly as one can while one lives."

And then he proceeded to write those books on political and religious issues which, from their seemingly abrupt change from his earlier literary successes, have so greatly puzzled many of his critics, including Mr. George Saintsbury, and graphically illustrate his theory of life expressed in the fragment of his unfinished "Antigone":

Him then I praise, who dares  
To self-selected good  
Prefer obedience to the primal law,  
Which consecrates the ties of blood; for these, indeed,  
Are to the gods a care;  
That touches but himself.  
For every day man may be link'd and loosed  
With strangers; but the bond  
Original, deep-inwound  
Of blood, can he not bind  
Nor if Fate binds, not bear.

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE AMERICAN COLLEGE\*

The dictionary defines the word "reflections" as "thoughts about" or "blame of" a person or thing. It will soon become evident that either definition of the word will fit the content of this paper.

If you will take the trouble to consult the Readers' Guide of any given month of the current year, you will find that the closely related subjects, religion, public morals and education, are monopolizing the attention of contemporary writers and bursting the covers of our popular and semi-popular magazines, all the way from the *Atlantic Monthly* down to the *Saturday Evening Post*. The discussion of religion is focused on the conflict between fundamentalism and modernism; the reformers and upholders of public morals are concentrating their verbal artillery against the social disorder which has followed in the wake of the World War and the Volstead Act; while the public debate on education has selected the "college" as the educational unit most deserving of anathema and malediction. That the words "anathema" and "malediction" are not too strong to be used in describing the tone of these press diatribes is shown by the following excerpt from a typical article entitled, "Are the Colleges Worth Their Keep?"

The American colleges are assumed to produce great national leaders—trained men and women—as closely analogous to a ruling class as a democratic nation will tolerate. They are assumed to represent enlightenment, progress, and culture. But study the dominant forces in the two political parties; study the types of men who dominate the politics of every American State and of every American city; study the amazing example of morbid psychology represented by the evolution controversy. Where is enlightenment, progress, leadership, culture seen in these curious aberrations?

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\*President's Address delivered before the Tennessee College Association, 1925.

The college is surely under indictment at the bar of public opinion, and it behooves the counsel for the defense not to underestimate the validity and the import of that indictment.

As I contemplate in retrospect the rapid and astounding growth of the American college during the last twenty-five years, I am vividly reminded of the meteoric career of Deioces, king of the Medes, as narrated by Herodotus in his *Ancient History of the Near East*. It appears from Herodotus's account that Deioces, a man of parts in a small village, lived in a time of lawlessness and social disorder and aspired to obtain the sovereign power. He set out to win the reputation of being an honest and upright judge, and in this way gained such credit, first with his fellow citizens and then in the neighboring towns, that he became indispensable and was finally elected king. Having accomplished his purpose, Deioces built the city of Agbatana, with seven walls, and shut himself up in his royal palace within the last wall. He allowed no one of his subjects to have access to his person, fearing that his compeers, who were inferior to him in manly qualities, if they saw him, would be likely to conspire against him; whereas, if they did not see him, they would think him quite a different being from themselves. Now, Deioces was a profound psychologist, and fully appreciated the truth of the maxim that "familiarity breeds contempt". He founded a dynasty for the kingdom of the Medes by establishing a reputation for "justice", and then proceeded to protect it from vulgarization. It is at this point that the parallel between Deioces and the American college breaks down. Deioces's progress was qualitative through a policy of exclusiveness, while the progress of the American college has been quantitative through a policy of inclusiveness.

Twenty-five years ago the college was an educational unit of distinction, aristocratic and homogeneous in character, definite in its aims, and admittedly efficient in the performance of its appointed task. To-day the college, as prolific in reproductive powers as the proverbial rabbit and sorely afflicted with elephantiasis, is diffusive in its aims and admitted by many to be inefficient in the performance of a doubtful task. The truth of the matter is that the college has been toppled

from its pedestal and hauled down to the level of mediocrity by a gradual process of democratization. A college, whether privately endowed or tax-supported, is no longer a self-determining institution, but is owned body and soul by the great mass of the people. Its policies—educational, spiritual, and athletic—are directed by popular demand rather than by the corporate wisdom of faculty and administration. Curricula have been expanded to include almost every branch of human knowledge, with a tendency to sacrifice the time-honored classical disciplines to the insistent demand for the immediately practical. Thus Journalism replaces English, Business Administration replaces Economics, Home Economics and Agriculture are substituted for Biology and Chemistry, and the spoken foreign language crowds out the courses in the masterpieces of foreign literature. The B. A. degree, which formerly had a precise significance, to-day includes the liberal, mechanical, domestic, and musical arts, and many trades besides. The college graduate is no longer distinguishable from the non-college graduate either in appearance or in manner of speech. The distinctive emblem of the college man is the fraternity pin or the athletic insignia dangling from a watch chain, and the college man without these emblems is apt to have an inferiority complex. The spoken English of many a Phi Beta Kappa man is of the same order as that of Mrs. Malaprop. In the fall of the year a very large percentage of the non-college population has all the advantages of a college education without the burden of the tuition fee. Our traveling football teams, plus the exploiting public press, serve as organs of gratuitous university extension for the chief collegiate activity of this season of the college year. Billions of dollars have been expended on dormitories, laboratories, and libraries for the laudable purpose of throwing wide open the portals of educational opportunity to the scions of demos, and hundreds of thousands of young men and women are availing themselves of this opportunity. The educational slogan "Give every child the advantage of a high school education", has been changed to read, "Give every child the advantage of a college education", and, furthermore, a college education which will fit him for leadership in his own home town rather than for leadership in

the nation, whether his home town be New York City or Gopher Prairie. To take an illustration near at hand, we are being constantly reminded that Tennessee is an agricultural State, with the inference that agriculture should be the apex of the educational system of the State. But I find myself asking the question whether one efficient and far-seeing Secretary of Agriculture, backed by the enactment of nonpartisan legislation could not do more for the promotion of agriculture than the attendance of all the farmers' sons at the State University. College presidents and college catalogues are voluble in describing the three-fold aim of the college to train the mind, soul, and body of American youth; but there is very little evidence to show that the soul receives its due proportion of intensive attention from any one connected with our colleges, with the possible exception of the chaplain. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The questions may be pertinently asked: "Where can you find a group of American college graduates fighting graft and corruption in national, State, or city administrations?" or, "When or where is there to be found a more flagrant and deliberate violation of constitutional law than at the class reunions and commencement orgies of our great institutions of higher learning?" Every completed transaction with a bootlegger is a frontal attack on the stronghold of democracy, the Constitution itself. And yet, so far as my personal observation goes, to put it mildly, the college man is not distinguished for his observance of constitutional law.

On paper, the college pretends to transmit through instruction accumulated knowledge, and to produce new knowledge through scholarly research and investigation. The average faculty member would willingly subscribe in theory and practice to the dictum that "the only liberty is knowledge; the only tyranny, ignorance". But, as a matter of fact, the liberal tongue of almost any faculty man can be tied by the orthodox caveat of a prominent trustee, and a group of closely related departments in a large university can be crippled by a ridiculous prohibitive State law without an audible murmur of protest from any educational agency of the State. The demagogic conception of science, playing for popular favor and catering to the

ignorance of the masses, will not tolerate the idea that the true man of science is meek in heart and continually forced to bow his head in the presence of God, whom he finds in all the highways and byways of his search for truth. It is self-evident that at the present writing the college is neither the captain nor the pilot on the good ship "Democracy", but merely a humble passenger, who, once on board, has no control over the course of the ship, whether it be headed for the rocks or a port of safety.

In extending its sphere of influence, in becoming gigantic both in curriculum and enrollment, the college was expected to gain in breadth what it lost in depth. There are grave doubts in my mind whether this promise has been fulfilled. After writing the above sentence, I happened to run across, in the *Revue des deux mondes*, an article by General Tannant on the French Military Academy, St. Cyr. In describing the preparation of students who enter St. Cyr, the General says:

In amplifying the programs of our schools and colleges to inadmissible proportions, it was hoped that we would gain in breadth what was lost in depth. But we have been sorely mistaken. We have lost much in one direction and gained nothing in the other.

It is comforting to know that we are not alone in our misery. It is very possible that, being a universal and world problem, the question of a college curriculum will have to be referred to the League of Nations for final solution. In a recent address in New York City, Dr. Glenn Frank, the new president of Wisconsin, has poignantly called attention to the chaotic aggregation of modern knowledge served up in our cafeteria colleges, and pointed out the difficulty of selecting the essentials for a liberal curriculum. With the Montessori idea of play at the foot of the educational ladder and Dr. Eliot's elective system at the top, education has been attenuated to the mere shadow of its former robust self. In attempting to give everybody who applies the opportunity to study whatever he chooses, we have possibly raised the level of intelligence and the average of instruction, but we have sadly neglected to train our future leaders in scholarship and statesmanship. Ideas have not kept pace with equipment; and if the two cannot be coördinated in

the near future, the college will soon resemble one of those lurid Florida real-estate developments, with its classic portals, mammoth hotels, and miles of concrete roads, after the bottom has dropped out of the market.

The seething discontent in both faculties and student-bodies is clearly indicative of the necessity for a revaluation of the content of a college education. The process of revaluation is now in the experimental stage. There are almost as many definitions of college aims and cures for college ailments as there are college presidents. Every newly elected president finds "something rotten in the State of Denmark", and makes a valiant, but futile, effort at reform. Witness the experience of Dr. Meiklejohn, at Amherst, and, more recently, that of Dr. Montgomery, at Center. The position of college president is getting to be as precarious as that of football coach. Reforms in college curricula are now averaging about one a week, if reports in the daily press can be relied upon. We have, for instance, the Dartmouth plan, initiated and engineered by an Undergraduate Committee on Educational Policy, with the emphasis on culture during the first two years, and the emphasis during junior and senior years on specialization in some one department of knowledge. This Dartmouth experiment, I fear, is fraught with dire consequences for the faculties and administrative officers of our colleges. Other colleges, notably Harvard and Tufts, have fallen in line and solicited student coöperation in the formulation of educational policies. The next step will inevitably be student representation in faculty meetings. A few more experiments of this nature will be a frank admission of the bankruptcy of educational leadership in the place where it ought to reside—that is, in the faculties. A few years ago Bernard Shaw wrote as follows of the American college:

As far as I can gather, if the students in the American universities do not organize their own education, they will not get any. The professors are overworked schoolmasters, underpaid and deprived of all liberty of speech and conscience. From them nothing can be expected. The remedy is coöperative organization by the consumers of knowledge—that is, by the students.

I am, of course, well aware of the peculiar socialistic bent of Shaw's mind, but there is much in the attitude of our student-bodies to-day to indicate that Shaw's advice has been heeded.

We have the Antioch plan, with its remarkable provision for imparting almost simultaneously, in five-week shifts, a technical education, an apprenticeship in a trade, and the essentials of a liberal education. We have also Ex-President Meiklejohn's plan for a "new kind of college," which suggests that the first two years be devoted to the study of types of civilization. Freshman year, for example, could be devoted to the study of an ancient civilization, and sophomore year to the study of a modern civilization. Unfortunately, President Meiklejohn's plan ends with sophomore year. Since all civilizations fall into either the ancient or modern class, he is at a loss to find types of civilization for junior and senior years. One of the latest plans is the Princeton Upper-Class Plan of Study, modeled on the Dartmouth plan, with greater emphasis on independent research and approximating in aim and method the work now being done in the graduate schools. We find some of the younger and smaller colleges half-heartedly imitating the reforms of the older and larger colleges by introducing orientation courses for freshmen and honors courses for juniors and seniors. I question whether the orientation course will be of sufficient value to the small college to let it displace the traditionally disciplinary courses of the freshman year. The necessity for an orientation course is symptomatic of weakness, either in the faculty or in the curriculum. Its function is apparently that of the floorwalker in the modern department store of knowledge. What we need is not so much an orientation course as a unification course which will correlate the various branches of knowledge and relate them to a fundamental principle—a course which will show mathematics and physics reaching up through metaphysics and philosophy to the knowledge of God; biology, chemistry, and geology as a progressive revelation of the creative force in the universe; and economics, sociology, and political science, looking forward to the realization of the Christian ideal of human society, founded on the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

The honors course, with its tendency toward concentration and its popular appeal of freedom from classroom exercises, has been smuggled into the country by returning Rhodes scholars, who are percolating into our faculties in increasing numbers. But is it not advisable to hold this English product in quarantine until it can be demonstrated that it is a sure cure for the ills in our college curriculum? We are scarcely rid of the incubus of the German system in our graduate schools when we proceed to graft another foreign system on our undergraduate schools. The colleges of the South, especially, should be slow to imitate the Eastern colleges who are adopting the honors courses. These courses presume thorough preparation in the lower schools and a cultural background which cannot be acquired in the work of freshman and sophomore years of the average Southern college.

My office is being continually flooded with pamphlets, emanating from reliable sources, suggesting various sorts of mechanical devices for propping up the tottering edifice of the college curriculum. Intelligence tests, personal-rating schemes, sectioning students on the basis of ability, come highly recommended as methods for separating the sheep from the goats in colleges where, on account of mass production, personal contacts between students and faculty cannot be easily established. The famous Carnegie units, whose content has been laboriously determined through long years of experimentation, seem to be headed for the waste-basket, and are likely to be supplanted by intelligence tests and comprehensive examinations. In this connection let me quote from Dr. Zook's *Survey of Higher Education in Tennessee*:

The present times are just entering into a period in which preparation will be over-shadowed, though never entirely abolished, of course, by the more basic elements of quality, capacity, or ability, including physical, mental, and moral fitness and attitude, and including such characteristics as ambition, industry, application, diligence, willingness, etc.

The Carnegie units are already changing complexion. Type-writing, bookkeeping, agriculture, and economics are crowding the disciplinary subjects—ancient languages, mathematics—from

the face of the entrance certificate. Astounding, to me at least, was the recommendation of the Special Committee on Entrance which reported to the Southern Association in Charleston three years ago. The committee recommended three units in English and two units from any two of the three subjects—mathematics, languages, and social science. If the secondary school cannot be prevented from teaching vocational subjects and cultural subjects which properly belong in a college curriculum, the position of the college and the secondary school will be reversed and the college will find a new field of endeavor—that of training its students in the fundamental subjects which the preparatory school omits from its curriculum. Furthermore, if the public school persists in its tendency to go off on a vocational tangent, college preparation will have to be surrendered to preparatory schools on private foundations, which will coöperate with the liberal-arts college in the educational effort to produce men who will rise above the average community level.

Both the colleges and the secondary schools have been subjected, and are still being subjected, to almost irresistible social forces which threaten to transform their organizations and curricula—first, the democratic demand that an ever-increasing number of individuals shall participate in the store of human knowledge; and, secondly, the economic demand that the period of preparation for professional careers be appreciably shortened. By yielding to these demands, the college has been maneuvered into the false position of attempting to perform three distinct functions, which may be designated as preparatory, cultural, and vocational.

In exercising its first function, the college shares with the preparatory school the task of affording an opportunity for the mastery of the tools of learning, by which progress is assured into the higher reaches of knowledge. The question has been raised as to whether the function of the first two years of college is not more closely allied with the similar function of the senior high school than with the two later years of the college course. The answer depends upon whether one postulates a cultural or a vocational aim for the last two college years. If specialization is to predominate, the

preparatory work done in college could be just as well relegated to the secondary school or the junior college. If, however, the mission of the four-year college is to give a broad general education, the work of the last two years will be the logical continuation of the foundations laid in the first two years. To my mind, it is folly to mention the word "culture" in the same breath with the word "freshman" or "sophomore". Genuine culture begins to crop out at the very earliest toward the end of the junior year. The freshman and sophomore student may be on their way toward culture, but I have yet to encounter one who has arrived.

The second function, the cultural, is traditionally, at least, the core of the curriculum of the liberal-arts college. The objectives of cultural training can be fairly easily defined, but it is the difference of opinion concerning the content of the cultural course which has caused such a turmoil in the college world. Christian virtue, personal initiative, self-mastery, social consciousness, learning, and æsthetic appreciation are the essential attributes of culture; but educators are divided into two hostile camps—"the ancients" and "the moderns"—on the all-important question as to what subjects and methods will best develop these attributes.

The third function, the vocational, is based upon the assumption that economy of time requires the inclusion in the college curriculum of (first) vocations which are not highly specialized, and (secondly) such pre-vocational subjects, prerequisite to the professions, as can be intercalated in a cultural course. It is this vocational trend which is gradually disintegrating the liberal-arts college and incidentally accounts for much duplication of effort and equipment in the educational system of to-day. We find, for example, in one institution a graduate school; in another, an undergraduate school of journalism or business administration. It is consoling to those of us who still believe in the old type of a liberal education to know that the graduate schools of business administration, such as Harvard, prefer graduates of liberal arts colleges to students coming from the undergraduate schools of business administration. Last summer the president of one of the largest banks in New York City told

me that he was through employing men who had specialized in business administration, that he was going to employ in the future liberal-arts college graduates who had majored in economics and history.

At the present time the American college is in danger of being crushed between the upper millstone of the university and the lower millstone of the secondary school. The gradual improvement in the quality of the work done in the secondary school and the rapid extension of the junior-college idea will eventually relieve the college of much of the preparatory work in the tool subjects of the freshman and sophomore year. My own institution is admitting an increasing number of transfer students from junior colleges. Johns Hopkins, which has always been a pioneer in American education, has already cut off the first two years of the college course. It is not likely, however, that the situation in Tennessee will be seriously affected for many years to come. The existing junior colleges seem to aspire to become four-year colleges, and it is probable that the junior colleges developing in the State system will go off on a vocational tangent.

I am forced, in spite of myself, to interpret the present vocational and pre-vocational trend in the senior year as an intrusion of the university idea into the liberal-arts curriculum. It is a common practice to allow a senior student in larger universities to count a fair proportion of his first-year professional work as credit toward the Bachelor's degree. A more recent manifestation of this intrusion under a different guise is the introduction of the Oxford honors system, with the danger of too narrow specialization without adequate preparation. The Johns Hopkins plan, which preserves the last two years of the undergraduate school, will necessarily devote these two years to preparation for the work in the graduate departments.

Now I do not presume to think that, by raising my hand like a traffic cop, I can stem the tide of what I regard as evil tendencies in college education. These tendencies have gathered so much momentum that they cannot be stopped until they have run their course or met with disaster. However, I am entitled to raise my voice and state that it is my profound

conviction that if the liberal-arts college is to survive as a distinct educational unit, it must be restored to its former position as a cultural institution, maintaining contact with the past through the medium of the ancient languages and literatures and making contact with the present through the medium of pure science and the social sciences. Not that I object to any institution devoting itself to vocational training, teacher training, journalism, business administration, or what not. Social forces, environment, and conditions under which endowment is given often control the educational policy of an institution. All that I ask is that these schools be properly labeled and prohibited by law from granting the B.A. degree and calling themselves "liberal-arts colleges". There are still twenty-five letters left in the alphabet from which suitable combinations can be formed to designate the vocational degrees.

In conclusion, let me quote an extract from a statement of the ideals of a liberal-arts college, to which I most heartily subscribe. These ideals were stated by President Diehl, of Southwestern, and officially adopted by his board of directors. I quote only two paragraphs:

We believe that we can best serve the church and the nation by adequately providing for and equipping a comparatively few select men, in accordance with our means, rather than by accepting all who desire to come, and then doing the best we can for them with the limited means at our disposal.

We, therefore, favor the policy of selecting carefully all students, this selection to be made on the basis of moral character, intellectual fitness and preparation, qualities of leadership, and potentialities of usefulness to church and State, and to limit the number of students accepted by our ability to give them the best advantages—such advantages as they have a right to expect from the standard colleges of a church which enthrones honesty and which worships the God of righteousness.

GEORGE MERRICK BAKER.

University of the South.

## BALLADE

(After Rude)

In month of May the hours march slow,  
The birds sing sweetly and far away.  
Wherever my footsteps bid me go,  
I remember my lady, far away.  
The eyes of my heart refuse to see  
Opening buds on the hawthorn tree.  
Winter still binds my spirit's sight.

### II

No more love's pathway shall I go  
Unless with her who is far away.  
No better, fairer, flowers grow  
Than my dear lady, far away.  
So beautiful and true is she  
That of the Saracens I'd be  
If I could help my lady's plight.

### III

When I may seek her, God will show  
Me joy in her lands, far away.  
I shall dwell, an it please her so,  
Near to my lady, far away.  
So shall our speech run merrily,  
When love has joined us tenderly.  
Sweet converse will be our delight.

### IV

Half-sad, half-merry will I go  
Since I may see her, far away.  
My heart is struck with terror, though—  
Her land from mine is far away.  
So many paths on land and sea  
Between my dearest one and me!  
But God will speed my spirit's flight.

## V

God in his heaven is good, and lo !  
 I will behold her far away.  
 But for each joy there is a woe  
 Since my belovèd is far away.  
 Oh that a pilgrim I might be  
 In meagreness and poverty  
 When her fair eyes on me alight !

## VI

God who made all on earth below,  
 Who made my lady, far away,  
 Power and strength on me bestow  
 That I may see her far away,  
*Here* in all verity,  
 That this dull place may be  
 Like some great palace, gay and bright !

## VII

My eagerness, in truth, I show  
 In love for her, so far away.  
 No other happiness I know  
 Than in my lady, far away.  
 But my desire is mockery,  
 Cursed by that angel's witchery  
 Which set my life in endless night.

## REFRAIN

But my desire is mockery!  
 Cursed be that angel's witchery  
 Which set my life in loveless night.

ELSPETH MACDUFFIE.

## A SPORTING POET OF THE REGENCY

Personalities as attractive as that of John Hamilton Reynolds are too rare in the world for their possessors to be known merely as "the friend" of somebody else, as has been true of this "friend of Keats". Important as that friendship was, or interesting as a study of Reynolds's work is, the man himself should by no means be passed over. There is as yet no biography of Reynolds, but, fortunately, pleasant glimpses of him appear throughout his works, and in such flashes and in descriptions by his friends we can see the man with his quite human combination of good and bad; with some parts that are pathetic, but with much that is gay and companionable. Reynolds was not a great poet, or dramatist, or essayist—still less, perhaps, was he a great lawyer, though he tried his hand at all of these—but no one can study him, with all of his warmheartedness, his brilliance of mind, his keen enjoyment of life, his zest for the theatre and the prize fights, and even his pathetic last years, without feeling that here is "a regular fellow"—one we should like to go with to a football game, or meet at dinner and be entertained by his wit and jolly good nature as were the guests at Taylor and Hessey's famous dinners.

Reynolds was born in Shrewsbury in 1796, but he lived mostly in London, where his father was Head Writing Master at Christ's Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds were people of literary inclinations and all the members of the family were brilliant conversationalists; little wonder is it then that their house in Little Britain became a gathering place for numerous persons of more or less fame, notable among whom were Lamb and Leigh Hunt. John was early placed in the office of the Amicable Insurance Co., but, so far as his feelings were concerned, the situation proved far from living up to its pleasant name. His heart was not in his work: he wanted to write, and so in 1814 he broke into print with *Safie*, in imitation of Byron's *Eastern Tales*. This work he dedicated to Byron, who received it rather cordially, but even the redoubtable begetter of *Lara* and *The Giaour* found the piece somewhat wild and

fantastic. Leigh Hunt and Wordsworth were his next masters, and the fruits of this discipleship were *The Eden of the Imagination* (1814) and *The Naiad* (1816). The former of these is a fantasy of an imaginary paradise; the latter, containing some half dozen short poems, has echoes of both Hunt and Wordsworth, to the latter of whom Reynolds presented a copy and received in reply a letter of formal and carefully elaborated criticism. These pieces, though of some slight poetic worth, and of a little value as revealing the character of Reynolds's poetry of the time, need not detain us longer. The Reynolds represented here is not the gay companion whom we are to meet over the wine and cigars at dinner, but the conventional and imitative young poet, susceptible to nature and romance, and the follower of various poetic fashions.

Among the numerous friends of Reynolds, the chief was, of course, Keats, whom he met in 1816. Reynolds's zest for life and love of the city with its crowds and diversions were undoubtedly the very stimulant that Keats needed, and it is certain that Reynolds's poetry, largely as a result of this intimacy with the greater poet, is henceforth in a "higher key". That the friendship was one of the closest, and was of inestimable value to both poets is known to all readers of Keats, and one need only refer to Keats's brilliant and affectionate letters to Reynolds; the Robin Hood poems; the "Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds"; and the important change made in the Preface to *Endymion* to show how much he thought of his friend and of his judgment. That Reynolds, too, was sensitive to the worth of the friendship and to the genius of Keats appears not only in the splendid defence which he wrote of Keats and published in *The Alfred*, but also in his sonnet to Keats:

Thy thoughts, dear Keats, are like fresh-gathered leaves,  
Or white flowers pluck'd from some sweet lily bed;  
They set the heart a-breathing, and they shed  
The glow of meadows, mornings, and spring eves,  
Over the excited soul. Thy genius weaves  
Songs that shall make the age be nature-led,  
And win that coronal for thy young head  
Which Time's strange hand of freshness ne'er bereaves.

Go on! and keep thee to thine own way,  
Singing in that same key which Chaucer sung ;—  
Be thou companion of the Summer day,  
Roaming the fields and olden woods among :—  
So shall thy Muse be ever in her May ;  
And thy luxuriant Spirit ever young.

In one of Keats's gossipy letters to his sister-in-law appears this delightful bit of characterization :

I know three witty people, all distinct in their excellence—Rice, Reynolds, and Richards. Rice is the wisest, Reynolds the playfulest, Richards the out-o'-the-wayest. The first makes you laugh and think, the second makes you laugh and not think, the third puzzles your head. I admire the first, I enjoy the second, I stare at the third.

Sometimes among these boon companions there were card games until early morning; sometimes there was a bout between two famous pugilists; sometimes it was the play; yet we must not think of the friends as mere idlers: Keats, his brothers, Reynolds, and frequently Hunt, Haydon, and Rice were all busy men, and such diversions were simply the result of an insatiable thirst for life, and a sign of that cardinal virtue of refusing to take themselves and their work too seriously.

Reynolds was a great lover of the prize fight, and many a time he was to be found in Jack Randall's old barn-like hall, where, in the midst of perfect clouds of cigar smoke, the young bloods of the city "backed their favorites". He himself refers to "the beautiful and exciting conflict of two great pugilists"; he contributed to a sporting journal; and he burst forth into a sonnet in praise of the incomparable Randall:

With marble-coloured shoulders, and keen eyes  
Protected by a forehead broad and white,  
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,  
And clenched hands, firm and of punishing size,  
Steadily held or motioned wary-wise  
To hit or stop,—and 'kerchief drawn too tight  
O'er the unyielding loins to keep from flight  
The inconstant wind that all too often flies,—  
The Nonpareil stands. Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er  
With joy to see a Chicken of her own,  
Dips her rich pen in claret, and writes down  
Under R, first on the score—  
"Randall, John; Irish parents; age not known;  
Good with both hands; and only ten stone four."

Many of the famous bouts took place outside the limits of London and no doubt Reynolds was thinking of one of his trips to a "mill" when he thus answers the question, What is Life?—

'Tis *Life* to see the first dawn stain  
 With sallow light the window pane :—  
 To dress—to wear a rough drab coat  
 With large pearl buttons all afloat  
 Upon the waves of plush. . . .

To quit the house at morning's prime

'Tis *Life* to reach the livery stable,  
 Secure the ribbons and the day bill  
 And mount a gig that had a spring  
 Some summers back :—and then take a wing  
 Behind. . . .  
 A jade whose "withers are unwrung";  
 Who stands erect, and yet forlorn,  
 And, from a half-pay life of corn,  
 Showing as many points each way  
 As Martial's Epigrammata,  
 Yet who, when set a-going, goes  
 Like one undestined to repose.  
 'Tis *Life* to revel down the road,  
 And queer each o'er-fraught chaise's load ;  
 To rave and rattle at the gate,  
 And shower upon the gatherer's pate  
 Damns by the dozens, and such speeches  
 As well betoken one's slang riches.

With all of his gay pleasures Reynolds continued his work at the office, and still found time to dash off a light farce, "One, Two, Three, Four, Five, By Advertisement", which, with its five impersonations, gave John Reeve ample opportunity to display his talent of mimicry at the Theatre Royal. In the account of the rich old gentleman who advertises for a husband for his daughter, and who, being besieged by five obnoxious suitors (the daughter's real lover in a different disguise each time), finally gives up and yields the daughter to her lover, we can see that sparkling wit and love of jest which were typical of Reynolds throughout many years of his life.

Still more characteristic of this spirit is his contribution to the Peter Bell literature—"the ante-natal Peter", as Shelley

called it. Reynolds and his friends, though appreciative of Wordsworth's best work, had only contempt for the *Alice Fell, Idiot Boy* type, and hearing that he was about to bring out a poem by the title of "Peter Bell", they felt sure that it would be another of the despised variety. Reynolds then, impetuous as always, loving a joke, never thinking of consequences, set to work and dashed off, in one day, it is said, a "Peter Bell" of his own. With what is to us singular lack of thought of impropriety on the part of author or publisher, the poem was published in 1819, before Wordsworth's, with a preface signed "W. W.". The poem itself is not a parody, as is often said, but is built up by stringing together quotations and allusions from Wordsworth's more mawkish poems, and many of the mannerisms are well taken off. It is, however, in the long preface, rather than in the poem itself, that Reynolds's keen but rather good-natured satire is seen to best advantage; the whole preface is full of it, but only two parts need be noted here:

It is now a period of one-and-twenty years since I first wrote some of the most perfect compositions (except certain pieces I have written in my later days) that ever dropped from poetical pen. My heart hath been right and powerful all its years. I never thought an evil or weak thought in my life. It has been my aim to deduce moral thunder from buttercups and daisies. . . . My Ballads are the noblest pieces of verse in the whole range of English poetry; and I take this opportunity of telling the world I am a great man. . . . Copies of my previous works may be had in any numbers by application at my publishers.

Of "Peter Bell" itself he goes on to say:

As these are the days of counterfeits, I am compelled to caution my readers against them, for such are abroad. However, I here declare this to be the True Peter; this is the old original Bell. I commit my Ballad confidently to posterity. I love to read my own poetry; it does my heart good. W. W.

As is well known, this episode created quite a furore, and brought down much abuse upon the head of the unknown author, Lamb characterizing him as a scoundrel; but this

same scoundrel was soon to be his table companion at the dinners of Taylor and Hessey.

About this time, there began to come to a head the struggle between the law and the muses that stretched Reynolds on the rack at intervals throughout his life. He was too fond of the pleasures of life and of poetry to make a successful lawyer; but he knew himself well enough to realize that he had not sufficient genius to make a great poet. In the midst of his dilemma he fell in love with Miss Drew, and she, prudent lady that she was, stipulated that he was to give up poetry and devote himself to drawing leases for a livelihood. Receiving an advantageous offer from Mr. Fladgate, a solicitor, Reynolds entered his office and gave himself more seriously to the study of law. He thus bids "Farewell to the Muses":

I have no chill despondence that I am  
Self-banished from those rolls of honoring men  
That keep a temperate eye on airy fame  
And write songs to her with a golden pen.  
I do not wail because the Muses keep  
Their secrets on the top of Helicon,  
Nor do I in my wayward moments weep  
That from my youth Romance is past and gone.  
My boat is trimmed—my sail is set—and I  
Shall coast the shallows of the tide of Time  
And rest me happily—where others lie,  
Who pass oblivious days. Sweet farewell  
Be to those Nymphs that on the old Hill dwell.

And with droll humor adds:

As time increases  
I give up drawling verse for drawing leases.

Reynolds, however, failed to abide by his farewell, for in 1820 he reappeared in print, this time with *The Fancy*, purporting to be the "poetical remains of the late Peter Corcoran", a little volume containing a variety of material, but largely devoted to pugilism. The poetry is not of high quality, but the whole work is very characteristic of the author, and we catch sight of him many times throughout its pages. When Anthony Tims, a character in "King Tims the First", a "tragedy" of the backwoods of Kentucky, tells us

I've had my sport at Tothill Fields,  
I've sunned myself at Gooseberry Fair,

and later there appears a long account of the sports which one would be likely to revel in at Tothill or Gooseberry—boxing, bear baiting, and cock fighting—it seems to be our own Reynolds speaking. He appears also in a rambling jingle of lament that he is not a great poet; still another personal reflection is the depiction of his longing to flee from his desk and escape for a merry-making with his cronies; and finally, we see him full of regret for his failure to realize his literary aspirations:

'Tis vain to grieve for what is past,  
The golden hours are gone;  
My own mad hand the die hath cast,  
And I am left alone;  
'Tis vain to grieve—I now can leave  
No other bliss—yet still I grieve.

How far the "golden hours" were really gone we shall soon see; but in this same vein of sadness are some of the poems in *The Garden of Florence*, published in 1821, but written several years earlier under the influence of Keats. Keats and Reynolds, it will be remembered, had planned a series of metrical tales to be based on Boccaccio and to be published together. *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil* formed Keats's part of this work, and Reynolds's *Garden of Florence* his share, though, of course, the poems were never published together. This sonnet, from *The Garden of Florence* and inspired by the collaboration, is in Reynolds's best poetic manner:

#### ON THE PICTURE OF A LADY

Sorrow hath made thine eyes more dark and keen  
And set a whiter hue upon thy cheeks,  
And round thy pressed lips drawn anguish-streaks,  
And made thy forehead fearfully serene.  
Even in thy steady hair her work is seen;  
For its still parted darkness—till it breaks  
In heavy curls upon thy shoulders—speaks,  
Like the stern wave, how hard the storm hath been.  
So looked that hapless Lady of the South,  
Sweet Isabella, at that dreary part  
Of all the passioned hours of her youth  
When her green basil pot by brothers' art  
Was stolen away: so looked her pained mouth  
In the mute patience of a breaking heart.

But the most characteristic note in the volume is struck in the poem called "The Romance of Youth", in which he attempts to show how contact with the facts of the world causes disillusionment, and obscures and destroys not only the beauty of youth, but the genius of poetry as well. The similarity of this idea to that of the grief for the passing of the golden hours shows us another side of Reynolds's life and nature from that represented in the effusions on pugilism. The death of Keats in 1821 was a great blow to Reynolds, and about the same time, for some reason unknown to us, he threw away a chance to make a fortune. Without doubt, then, this was the dark period of his early life. Verily, though, as Falstaff said of Poins, the man must have given medicines to people to make them love him; for how else can one explain the generous action of his friend James Rice, who not only defrayed the expenses of his certificate of law, but took him into partnership, and even planned to give up the practice to him? Why Reynolds threw away this chance is not known.

After this more or less momentary depression, however, the old gay, jolly Reynolds reappears. His marriage in 1822 likely had a great deal to do with this revival of his spirits, for, shortly after the marriage, Hood says of him: "Only look at John—what a talk he makes! with the horns of his mouth upwards like a fair moon—laughing like a fugleman to let off our laughers." Perhaps his association with the famous "Wits" of *The London Magazine* stimulated him even more, but at any rate, we come to what is undoubtedly the most interesting period of his life.

From 1821 to 1825 he was a regular contributor to *The London Magazine*, sometimes under the name of "Edward Herbert", and often anonymously. In the Herbert Letters we see Reynolds in his active and many-sided life in London; one letter, for example, tells of his attendance at the Coronation of George IV, but, with all due respect to his late Majesty, we are more interested in Reynolds's bustle of trying to get his clothes ready for this occasion than in the account of the ceremony:

I was not put in possession of my ticket for Westminster-hall until the day previous to the ceremony, so that I was thrown into an elegant bustle, about the provision of suitable habiliments for the occasion. Gentlemen of limited incomes are not proverbial for having layers of court dresses in their drawers, or for seeing the pegs in their passages swarming with cocked hats; I was compelled, therefore, . . . to purchase the antique and costly coat, and the three cornered *beaver*, to fit me for appearing before royalty. I only wish you could have seen me *cooked* up for the Hall, you would have allowed that I was a "dainty dish to set before a king".

Another letter takes us with him to the opposite extreme of society: on a fishing trip with a group of old fishermen, and we catch a glimpse of that eager, restless, companionable spirit as he confides to us:

I assisted in putting out the nets—I assisted in managing the boat—I assisted in the pulling in. Such flapping and flashing in the light!—such tossing and breaking of waves. . . . I only know this,—that with all my love of merriment, bustle, and life—with all my passion for popular pleasures and exciting pastimes—I never was half so contented in my hour of existence, as in that which found me over-taken by a ravenous wave that covered my feet with embossed foam.

We see him as he encounters an old invalid seaman on the beach, and soon becomes intimate with him and learns all of his life's story. We hear of him at the home of the Mortons, aristocratic people who invite him to dinner frequently; he is enthusiastic over the fact that old Mr. Morton, extremely taciturn with every one else, becomes quite expansive and loquacious with him.

One letter tells of his first visit to a cock fight and of his repugnance for the sport; so much sympathy for the poor birds does he feel that his pen refuses to glorify the promoters. "My very gorge," he says, "rises at the cold-blooded cruelty of its abettors and lovers," and he declares he will never witness another cock fight. One is fearful to push the inquiry very far here, however, for he loved prize fighting and bear baiting, so it is hardly likely

that he retained his original feeling against the pit. When we run across a Herbert letter containing a long poem, supposed to be the work of a certain Dr. R. Wild, "a non-conformist divine and poet", but which treats enthusiastically of cock fighting, we can hardly help feeling that Reynolds himself was Dr. Wild, and that he no longer felt his gorge rising at the cold-blooded cruelty of the sport.

An opportunity to visit the green room of a theatre was a gala occasion for him, and one long remembered. An exhibition of paintings at Somerset House drew from him this characteristic jingle:

Come, come—I am willing  
 To down with my shilling,  
 The time to be killing  
 With varnish and paint;  
 So up the stone staircase  
 I corkscrew my carcase,—  
 As steep and as dark as  
 St. Paul's ;—and as faint;  
 Tall women and towers,  
 And children with flowers,—  
 Twelve rosy old Hours,—  
 A study of cows ;—  
 A view on the Humber,  
 And nags out of number,—  
 With other live lumber,  
 At Somerset House !

But the most ambitious of the letters is the record of "The Literary Police Court", in which we hear charges against some dozen or more of the notables of the day:

Charles Lamb was brought up, charged with the barbarous murder of the late Mr. Elia. . . . The evidence was indisputable, and Mr. Lamb was committed. There appears to have been no apparent motive for the horrible murder, unless the prisoner had an eye to Mr. Elia's situation in the *London Magazine*.

Lord Byron, a young person apparently of ferocious habits, was placed at the bar, under the care of Jeffrey and Gifford, two of the officers of the Literary Police, charged with a violent assault upon several literary gentlemen; when taken, he made a determined resistance, and beat the officers dreadfully.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was brought up for idling about the suburbs of the town, without being able to give a satisfactory account of himself. He was taken up for sleeping at High-Gate in the day time. The magistrates committed him to the Muses' Treadmill for two months, to hard labor. It is supposed his *feet* will be all the better for this exercise. This is the same person, though much altered, who passed himself off as the Ancient Mariner at a marriage in the metropolis some time back.

William Wordsworth, a pedlar by trade, that hawks about shoe laces and philosophy, was . . . charged with stealing a pony, value 40 s. from a Mrs. Foy of Westmoreland; but as no one was near him at the time, and as he was *beside himself*, the charge could not be brought home. . . . The prisoner had several duplicates of little childish poems and toys about him, which he said he had obtained from his grandmother; but it appearing that he had often imposed himself off as that old lady, he was remanded to allow of some inquiry.

Throughout these "charges", of which the quotations are representative, appears that trenchant wit of which Reynolds was capable; in fact, so true to his character are these letters, with their delight in life and fondness for raillery, that it is a pity they are not better known now, as they must have been in their day, for Sir Charles Abraham Elton asks a friend:

Hast thou nodded blithe and smiled  
At Herbert's vein?

More interesting than the letters, however, are the famous dinners of the contributors to *The London Magazine*. When Taylor and Hessey, Reynolds's old publishers, took over the magazine at the death of John Scott in 1821, they inaugurated the custom of regular monthly dinners for their contributors. Woodhouse speaks of dining at Taylor and Hessey's on December 6, 1821, with Lamb, De Quincey, Hood, Reynolds, Allan Cunningham, Rice, and Talfourd. Frequently Hazlitt and "Barry Cornwall" were among the diners, as were also Clare, the peasant poet, and Cary, the translator of Dante. Though our records of these dinners are only too fragmentary, we learn from "Barry Cornwall" that the group "consulted on literary

matters, and enlarged their social sympathies", and that "the hearts of the contributors were opened and with the expansion of the heart the intellect widened also". Testimony of Reynolds's brilliance at these gatherings is not wanting, for De Quincey once referred to him as "the distinguished wit"; another contemporary says, "his voice was heard, followed by a laugh as an echo"; and Talfourd, himself a member of the group, in sketching the notables around the table, describes Reynolds as "lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of many coloured life with vivid fancy". It is, however, to Thomas Hood, who later married Reynolds's sister Jane, that we turn for the fullest account of this convivial assembly:

When I dined with him [Reynolds], I believe for the first time, at a friend's table, I was delighted with his right merrie conceites, and the happy tone of his conversation; and I wished, which has since been realized, that the born friendship of that night might be of age in somewhat less than twenty-one years. After the cloth was removed, he read to us a copy of verses so lively and humourous, that the very table vibrated to our mirth. . . . I think—I am sure—I did not envy him these tokens of applause, for there is no genius of the present day whom I more sincerely admire—but I believe I longed for his manner of making so many persons happy.

In characterizing the various guests, Hood gives the best description of Reynolds that has come down to us:

That smart, active person opposite with a game-cock looking head, and the hair combed smooth, fighter fashion, over his forehead—with one finger hooked round a glass of champaigne, not that he requires it to inspirit him, for his wit bubbles up of itself—is our Edward Herbert, the author of that true piece of Biography, the Life of Peter Corcoran. He is "good with both hands", like that Nonpareil Randall, at a comic verse or a serious stanza—smart at repartee—sharp at a retort,—and not averse to a bit of mischief. 'Twas he who gave the runaway ring at Wordsworth's Peter Bell. Generally his jests, set off by a happy manner, are only ticklesome, but now and then they become sharp—like the sharpness of the pineapple.

That the dinners lasted until well into the next day and that the diners were not always steady on their feet, we learn from the notorious Thomas Griffiths Wainewright. The watchmen were going home, the gas was being turned off, and market carts were already coming in from the country, when, he says,

several *noticeable* men with black silk stockings, were returning from a high court-plenary of literature and French wines—one might see at a glance that they were famous in puns, poetry, philosophy, and exalted criticism. Briefly, they were the *Wits* of London.

With all of this delightful diversion, Reynolds was carrying on his law work, not very successfully, it is true, but nevertheless making the attempt. In 1822 he seems to have collaborated with Hood in an opera, "Gil Blas", which was brought out at the English Opera House. Another fruit of this friendship between Reynolds and Hood was the *Odes and Addresses to Great People*, which was published in 1825, the year of Hood's marriage to Jane Reynolds. It was intended, according to the Preface, to catch all the little oddities of "conscious greatness by the way". In the "Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster", Reynolds, with characteristic banter, rails at the Dean and Chapter for charging an admission fee to the Abbey:

How many a pensive pilgrim, brought  
By reverence for those learned bones,  
Shall often come and walk your short  
Two-shilling fare upon the stones.  
You have the talisman of wealth,  
Which puddling chemists sought of old,  
Till ruin'd out of hope and health;  
The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!  
Oh, licens'd cannibals, ye eat  
Your dinners from your own dead race,  
Think Gray, preserved a "funeral meat,"  
And Dryden, devil'd, after grace,  
A relish—and you take your meal  
From rare Ben Jonson underdone,  
Or whet your knives on Steele,  
To cut away at Addison.

From 1828 to 1832 Reynolds was one of the proprietors of the *Athenæum*, along with Dilke, Hood, Holmes, and some

others. Upon Dilke's announcing a reduction in the price of the magazine from 8d. to 4d., Reynolds's impetuous nature welled up, and he immediately broke forth:

BRIGHTON, 15th Feb., 1831.

MY DEAR DILKE:

You astound me with your fall. It is more decided than Milton's "Noon to Dewy Eve" one! From 8d. to 4d. is but a step, but then it is also from the sublime to the ridiculous. . . . After the cost of writers, printers, duty, and paper, what in the name of the practical part of a farthing remains to report on as profit. A midway lowering of price would better suit the public and ourselves. 6d. un-stamped. There is something more respectable, too, in that sum. Something less Tattlerish, and Mirrorish, and Two-penny-Trashish. However, do what you please. If apoplexy is the fancy, my head is ready, and I am prepared to go off. Consumption, which I take to be a sort of non-consumption—a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*—is a sad death for us very lively critics.

So excited did Reynolds become over this matter that he wrote again *on the same day*:

DEAR DILKE:

Hood and I have been calculating this afternoon, and the result is appalling. . . . We are quite against the total change in our paper constitution which you threaten.

Much of Reynolds's later work was in the form of book reviews, and we can imagine his exasperation after Dilke has sent him three volumes for immediate review.

DEAR DILKE:

Are you mad, or only brazen? How on earth could I read three volumes of dullish chit-chat, and write a paper on it by Wednesday morning? You might as well have sent me the Ency. Brit. to turn into verse in the same time!

The last independent work that came from Reynolds's pen was *Confounded Foreigners*, a slight one-act play that was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1838, and which is preserved in Webster's *Acting National Drama*. Trivial as it is, there nevertheless appears much of Reynolds's love of a farcical situation, and a considerable element of satire as well.

In the meantime, Reynolds was becoming somewhat bitter towards life; he had become estranged from several of his old friends, and it was not long before his close friendship with Hood also went by the board. His health was failing, his finances were in none too secure a state, and so in 1838 he left London to become Clerk of the County Court at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. After his departure from London, he virtually disappears from record, but we can hardly feel it in ourselves to regret this obscurity, for, little as we know about his last years, they seem not to have been happy ones. In addition to his life-long disappointment over his literary work, and his increasing bad health and failing fortune, he took considerably to drink towards the last. His wit soured, his tongue sharpened, and the strain of somewhat bitter sarcasm which, throughout his life, had lain slightly beneath the surface now became predominant, and he was no longer pleasant company.

So ended, in 1852, this brilliant, yet pathetic career. Reynolds clearly had genius, but he lacked the strength and steadiness to make that genius available. In an obituary notice, an unnamed writer says of him: "Law spoiled his literature; and his love of literature and society interfered with the drudging duties of the lawyer." Another of his contemporaries notes that he "was a man of genius, who wanted the devoted purpose and sustaining power which are requisite to its development; and the world, its necessities and its pleasures, led him astray from literature. . . . Though full of literary energy . . . he was always hurried and uncertain. He indeed played the old game of fast and loose between law and literature, pleasure and study."

But unhappy and disgruntled as his last years were, the figure that always flashes into our mind at the mention of his name is that gay and debonair man about town whom we saw enthusiastically applauding Jack Randall's powerful left, or convulsing his fellow guests at dinner with some pleasant parody or brilliant quip.

W. B. GATES.

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## THE RELIGION OF MRS. CARLYLE

"Be a mystic, dearest;" wrote Carlyle to his wife in 1831, "stand with me on this everlasting basis." But, unfortunately, the incisive, practical mind of Jane Welsh Carlyle could not accept the vagueness of her husband's "Eternal Yea", and the sharpened, hungry look on the face of the Jane Welsh Carlyle of Ronald Grey's drawing is, I believe, in part the result of long years of spiritual hunger. From a period soon after her youthful reaction against the bonds of the narrow, but quite solid and compact, faith of her girlhood to the end of her life she was groping—groping—for some firm spiritual basis under her weary feet. Under Carlyle's mental leadership she had thrown aside the old Calvinism, and all through the rest of her brilliant but somewhat discordant life she found only puzzlement that dulled her glowing enthusiasm, and hardened her sensitive sympathies. For never was there a temperament to which religious fervor was more native and more necessary than hers, and yet never a mind less capable of being satisfied by mysticism. She required a creed, solid, hard, definite; she must *understand*, must *see*, must walk by sight and not by faith. But what creed was there left her? "Stand with me on the eternal verities," said Carlyle. And these "eternal verities"—? "The unspeakable"! And were not creedless folk—Cavaignac and Carlyle—the ones she most admired? And so the years went on, and her bright eyes sharpened, and her sharp tongue said bitter things as the quest for Peace grew weary, and no path tried led to the goal.

"It is not *happiness* which I ask of Heaven, however much I might *like* to have it (in conjunction, I believe, with all my fellow-mortals, even the most philosophical, if they would but speak without cant). That I agree to the impossibility of, and should be a fool if I did not leave it out of my prayers . . . but what I *do* ask of Heaven, and with ever-increasing earnestness and ever-increasing protest against the 'lions in the way', is *calm*—let me be sad as death if God wills it so—but let me be left in peace with my sadness!"

And yet for all her talk of Peace, it was, I believe, spiritual adventure that her emotional nature craved. Her first such adventure was her conversion to Paganism about the age of ten, an adventure achieved through the influence of Virgil. This experience she later recorded from a grown-up point of view.

" . . . it was not my religion alone that these studies influenced, but my whole being was imbued with them. Would I prevent myself from doing a selfish or cowardly thing, I didn't say to myself, 'you mustn't, or if you do you will go to hell hereafter,' nor yet, 'if you do you will be whipt here;' but I said to myself simply and grandly, 'A Roman would not have done it,' and that sufficed under ordinary temptations. Again, when I had done something heroic—when, for instance, I had caught a gander which hissed at me by the neck and flung him to the right about, it was not a good child that I thought myself, for whom the half-crown bestowed on me was fit reward—in my own mind I had deserved well of the Republic, and aspired to a 'civic crown'."

Then later she fell under the cult of Byron worship, surely one of the oddest maladies to afflict man and womankind. Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould says that "the Byron complex" still distorts the good sense of those who study the poet, even down to the present day, and if this be true—and such recent publications as *The Glorious Apollo* rather support Mrs. Gerould's theory—our smile at the hysterics of the young Jane Welsh should not be too superior. In 1824 she writes of her reception of the news of Byron's death:

"I was told it all alone in a roomful of people. If they had said the sun or the moon had gone out of the heavens, it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation than the words 'Byron is dead'!"

And then she gave her heart and a large part of her mind, and a little unwilling bit of her spirit, into the keeping of Thomas Carlyle, and with him flung off the outworn garments of Calvinistic theology. So far so good. But what to put in their place? The "Unspeakable" that governed all of Carlyle's thinking and writing?—the "Great First Cause"? "'The Eternities', 'the Silences', I myself have tried various shifts to

avoid mentioning the 'Name'", wrote Carlyle; and again—"Remember always that the deepest truth, the truest of all, is actually 'unspeakable', cannot be argued of, dwells far below the region of articulate demonstration; it must be felt by trial and indubitable direct experience; then it is known once and forever." But of what help, pleaded the concrete mind of his wife, if one cannot *name*, cannot *prove*, cannot *define*? But she seldom discussed her spiritual perplexities with him; she could not be a mystic, and though on occasion she humorously invited him to "have a little talk about time and space", she was usually on these occasions the listener, for she feared his scorn of "talk all about feelings", and he could not give her what she craved.

"To prove the existence of God, as Paley has attempted to do", wrote Carlyle in his note book, "is like lighting a lantern to seek for the sun. If you look hard by your lantern you will miss your search." But without the lantern of creed Mrs. Carlyle was blind. That she did not understand her husband's mysticism is evident, for when Erasmus Darwin asked her: "After all, what the deuce is Carlyle's religion, or has he any?" she shook her head and assured him, "I know no more than yourself."

And who was there to help? Surely not the good but pompous Edward Irving, of whom Carlyle well said in reference to his friend's later fanaticism: "Though faith and principle escaped unscathed his intellect was shattered"; not the kindly and unstable Mrs. Buller, who in creed was a Manichæan; not the clever and shallow Mrs. Paulet; nor the neurotic Geraldine Jewsbury; nor John Sterling, himself sadly bepuzzled; nor his stolid brother Anthony; nor his father, the violent "Thunderer"; not the gallant and atheistic Cavaignac, whom she romantically idealized; not even the well-beloved Mazzini, for toward him her attitude had always a tiny bit of condescension mixed with its affection—the attitude of one toward a favorite child at whose absurdities one may smile tolerantly and lovingly. When in 1842 her mother died, and the sharpness of her grief was made sharper by remorseful memory of past friction (the occasion of Carlyle's gentle reproach—"Hadere nicht mit deiner

Mutter, Liebste. Trage, trage; es wird bald enden") and Mazzini tried to comfort her tenderly and persistently but in phrases conventionalized past any reality of meaning for her, she reacted sharply against them. "He twaddled", she said, and, adds D. A. Wilson, from whom I get the story, "She rather despised his simplicity—but he was never aware of that."

So where was help to come from? There was Carlyle's answer in the Doctrine of Work. "First, I would have you know this: that 'doubt of any sort can only be removed by action'. But what to act on, you cry? I answer again in the words of Goethe, 'Do the duty which lies nearest; do it (not merely pretend to have done it); the next duty will already have become clear to thee'". Well, surely Jane Carlyle was an ardent enough disciple of her husband's doctrine of work. "For my part I am always as busy as possible; on that side at least I hold out no encouragement to the devil",—she said. The catastrophic house-cleanings recorded in her letters, the bakings, brewings, bug-huntings, mendings—all manner of needle-work—testify to her industry and nervous energy. And there was work for the mind as well as for the hand; she was a voracious reader; an eclectic, though by no means a deep or thorough student; a brilliant conversationalist, to whose drawing-room fireside came almost all the great of a great age to put their feet on the fender and hold "human speech" about things in general, and she was one of the cleverest letter-writers whose letters have been published. Nor was her activity alone the mechanical industry of hand or the cold though sparkling attrition of mind on mind. Her warm emotional nature set her constantly about deeds of charity and service, and though she inveighed in the words of an old sea-captain against "that damned thing called the milk of human kindness", she bestowed it bountifully. She took under her patronage much human wreckage: the Mudies, a family of ne'er-do-wells for whom she was seeking, over a long period, financial aid, and jobs, which they never held: she took in charge for periods of weeks and months the mad German, Plattnauer, (in fact, mad protégés were a specialty of hers, for besides Plattnauer there were Glen and Garnier); she helped Mazzini in his unpractical schemes for financing

Italian refugees; she took in stray cats, dogs, birds, and babies; she comforted the distressed; heard the troubles of those as perplexed as herself; even took in for a while the homeless and disconcerting heiress who was the Blanche Amory of Thackeray's *Pendennis*. One of the prettiest pictures of her warm-hearted kindness is given in Anne Thackeray Ritchie's *Memories*. In 1849 Anne Thackeray, then twelve years old, came back with her sister from Paris, where they had been in charge of their grandmother, to live with their father in London, and Mrs. Carlyle took an affectionate interest in the practically motherless children.

"There is one part of London whither we used always to go as children: Cheyne Row, where Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle lived. [Their] house is one of the first things I can remember when we came to London. Its stillness, its dimness, its panelled walls, its carved banisters, and the quiet garden behind, where at intervals in the brickwork lay the tobacco pipes all ready for use. . . . Almost the first time we ever went to see her we had walked to Chelsea through the snow, and across those lanes which have now become South Kensington, and when we arrived, numb and chilled and tired, we found her in the dining room below, standing before the fire, two delicious cups of chocolate all ready prepared for us, with saucers placed upon the top. 'I thought ye would be frozen', said she; and the hot chocolate became a sort of institution. . . ."

But the human love which ought to have felt its connection with the Divine Principle of Love, the chief of those "eternal laws of the universe" of which Carlyle spoke often, missed this connection because her mind could fix on no definite link of creed, could not explain any of the mystery of life,—for instance the problem presented in this situation:

"Yesterday in the evening came Dr. James C— and a young N—, all in black, this last being just returned from the funeral of his only sister, a promising girl of sixteen, the poor mother's chief comfort of late years. I recollect the time when Mrs. N—, then Agnes L—, consulted me whether she ought to marry J. N—. Where were all these young N's then—the lad who sate there looking so sadly, the girl who had just been laid under the earth? Had Agnes L— lived

true to the memory of her first love would these existences have been forever suppressed by her act? If her act could have suppressed them what pretension have they to call themselves immortal, eternal? What comfort is there in thinking of the young girl just laid in her grave? 'My dear, you really ought not to go on with that sort of thing . . . all that questioning leads to nothing. We know nothing about it and cannot know, and what better should we be if we did?' 'All very true, Mr. Carlyle, but'—at least one cannot accept such solution on the authority of others, even of the wisest—one must have worked it out for oneself. And the working of it out is a sore business; . . ."

No, Agnosticism was the safest course; it avoided hypocrisy and cant, but—it played havoc with this human love, distorting, embittering it, making it intermittent in its manifestations, so that the "dissonance of spirit" engendered disturbs readers of her sparkling letters even after a lapse of three quarters of a century.

There were, to be sure, spurts of religious emotionalism, generally in the form of hero worship of some individual whose radiant and unmistakable goodness moved her, experiences that gave her for the moment a sense of the religion she craved. The incident of Father Matthew in 1843 is one of the clearest of these:

"And now let me tell you something which you will perhaps think questionable, a piece of Hero Worship that I have been after. My youthful enthusiasm, as John Sterling calls it, is not extinct then as I had supposed; but must certainly be immortal! Only think of its blazing up for Father Matthew! You know I have always had the greatest reverence for that priest; and when I heard he was in London, attainable to me, I felt, that I must see him, shake him by the hand, and tell him I loved him considerably! I was expressing my wish to see him to Robertson, the night he brought the ballad collector; and he told me it could be gratified quite easily. Mrs. Hall had offered him a note of introduction to Father Matthew, and she would be pleased to include my name in it. 'Fix the time then'. 'He was administering the pledge all day long in the Commercial Road.' I fixed next evening.

"Robertson, accordingly, called for me at five, and we rushed off in an omnibus, . . . I found my 'youthful enthusiasm' rising higher and higher as I got on the ground, and saw the thousands of people all hushed into awful silence, with not a single exception that I saw—the only religious meeting I ever saw in cockneyland which had not plenty of scoffers hanging on its outskirts. The crowd was all in front of a narrow scaffolding, from which an American captain was then haranguing it; and Father Matthew stood beside him, so good and simple looking! Of course we could not push our way to the front of the scaffold, where steps led up to it; so we went to one end, where there were no steps nor visible means of access, and handed up our letter of introduction to a policeman; he took it and returned presently, saying that Father Matthew was coming. And he came; and reached down his hand to me, and I grasped it; but the boards were higher than my head, and it seemed our communication must stop there. But I have told you that I was in a moment of youthful enthusiasm; I felt the need of getting closer to that good man. I saw a bit of rope hanging, in the form of a festoon, from the end of the boards; I put my foot on it; held still by Father Matthew's hand; seized the ends of the boards with the other; and, in some, to myself (up to this moment), incomprehensible way, flung myself horizontally on the scaffolding at Father Matthew's feet! He uttered a scream, for he thought (I suppose) I must fall back; but not at all; I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him and said—what? God only knows. He made me sit down on the only chair a moment; then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold, to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it; and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one, could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live; faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. There was one man in particular, with a baby in his arms; and a young girl that seemed of the 'unfortunate' sort, that gave me an insight into the lot of humanity that I still wanted. And in the face of Father Matthew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course I cried; but I longed to lay my head down on the good man's shoulder and take a hearty cry there before the whole multitude! . . .

"I was turning sick and needed to get out of the thing, but in the act of leaving him—never to see him again through all time, most probably—feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another movement of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would, though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers! No, not that; but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in remembrance of me, and having bethought me of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, I drew him aside and put it into his hand, and bade him keep it for my sake; and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and the utmost agitation! Had you any idea your wife was still such a fool! I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get him another presently, and then laid the medal into my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep; the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Matthew's smile; and even next morning I could not anyhow subside into my normal state, until I had sat down and written Father Matthew a long letter—accompanying it with your *Past and Present*! Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted Gomeril I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do, Ich konnte nicht anders."

But such moments of yielding were rare. Frightened away from them by Carlyle's "Let us endeavor to clear our minds of cant", and his tirades against "washy violence", she got out her feeble lantern of mind again to hunt for the sun of spiritual truth, and went over and over the old hard negations. "I would rather remain in Hell"—she wrote—"the Hell I make for myself with my restless digging than accept their [her Liverpool relatives and friends] drowsy placidity"; and she remembered also what Carlyle had said about Edward Irving—that his punishment of insane fanaticism was not unjust because he had

believed without inquiry and against all light. But she neglected to her grievous hurt another vital thing that her husband had said, for with all his hatred of cant he realized that "the thing is not only to avoid error, but to attain immense masses of truth".

And what specifically were some of the effects of the great negation which Mrs. Carlyle could not surmount? A continual restlessness, expressed sometimes humorously, as when she tells Browning's story of the two old men in pursuit of truth:

"An old gentleman of 84, a Unitarian, had been disputing a whole evening with an old gentleman of 92, a Something-else,—let us call him a Carlyleist;—of course they could come to no conclusion on their respective creeds. 'Well,' said 84 in conclusion, 'at least we are both in *pursuit* of Truth!' 'Pursuit of Truth!' repeated 92, with an intensely Middlebie accent, 'By the Lord, we would need to have got it by this time!' And she adds, 'Yes, indeed! one should try if possible to *get it*, to lay salt on its tail, a good way on this side of 92; or, if one cannot get it,—to do without it.'"

Or again this dissatisfaction expressed itself in ironic overstatement that yet contained much of truth, as when she said:

"Sure enough, if I were a good Catholic, or a good Protestant, or a good anything, I should not be visited by those nervous illnesses, which send me from time to time out into space to get myself rehabilitated, after a sort, by 'change of air'."

But increasingly often she expressed her unrest in terms of real tragedy, as a longing for death to end the struggle:

"What a mighty pother we make about our bits of lives, and Death so surely on the way to cut us out of *all that* at least,—whatever may come after! Yes, nobody out of Bedlam, even educated in *Edinburgh*, can contrive to doubt of Death. One may go a far way in scepticism, may get to disbelieve in God and Devil, in Virtue and Vice, in Love, in one's soul, never to speak of Time and Space, Progress of the Species, Rights of Women, Greatest Happiness of the greatest number, isms world without end, everything in short that the human mind ever believed in,—or 'believed

that it believed in', only *not* in Death! The most outrageous Sceptic—even I after two nights without sleep—cannot go ahead against *that*,— . . . let one's earthly difficulties be what they may, Death will make them all smooth, sooner or later; and either one shall have a trial of existing again under new conditions, or sleep soundly through all eternity. That last used to be a horrible thought to me; but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion, that *any* anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest. . . ."

More tragic still there came a hardening of the heart. "Harden not thy heart but soften it", wrote Carlyle. The bitter struggle which she had undergone had, however, left a callousness surprising in one of her naturally sensitive sympathy. It showed itself in many ways: in harsh, unkind and inconsistent comments on her friends (one has to have read the whole mass of her letters to know how she really regarded anyone of whom she spoke often, and then he will be frequently in doubt, for her varying moods show in judgments as varying). It showed itself also in a sometimes harsh and unsympathetic treatment of the sooty file of servants who passed through the dark cellar kitchen of Cheyne Row. They were all welcomed with undue enthusiasm, many of them petted and "made-over" unwisely, but almost invariably they left after some chaotic upheaval of bad temper, commented on with unreasonable sharpness. And though she often petted them, she never quite regarded their essential humanity; they were "that class", regarded as machines or pets or—pests. One instance may show the kind of hardness I mean. In reference to the employment of Anne Cook, a Scotch girl, brought back by Carlyle from one of his summer visits to Scotsbrig, she writes: "I think you seem so far as human calculations avail to have made a good hit as to the servant: character is not worth a straw, but you say she looks intelligent and good-humored, is young and willing." Did Mrs. Carlyle really consider the character of a servant not worth a straw? Anne was leaving Scotland in disgrace, and Mrs. Carlyle's cynical comment on the story rather repels us: "The woman of tarnished virtue will suit, I think. . . . In fact it would be difficult for me to say that an Annandale woman's vir-

tue is the worse for a misfortune." The spiritual scar had become a callous.

And what was the end of the struggle? A drawn battle, perhaps, that victory-in-defeat and defeat-in-victory which is the lot of most struggling mortals in this complicated business of living. There was a period when the struggle of heart and mind, working at cross purposes, a struggle complicated by the unwise use of morphia, by ill health and by all manner of concentrated dissonance well-nigh resulted in insanity. From those tortured months in 1864 she emerged broken in body, but still clear of mind and more nearly at peace in spirit than she had ever been. During her agonizing illness she had reverted to the idiom and apparently to something of the spirit of her girlhood faith; in his last letter before her return home after this dreadful and long protracted crisis her husband wrote her:

"And yet, dearest, there is something in your note which is welcome to me than anything I have yet had—a sound of *piety*, of devout humiliation and gentle hope and submission to the Highest, which affects me much and has been a great comfort to me. Yes, poor darling! This was wanted. Proud stoicism you never failed in, nor do I want you to abate of it. But there is something beyond of which I believe you have had too little. It softens the angry heart and is far from weakening it—nay, it is the final strength of it, the fountain and nourishment of all real strength."

And a near approach to the consciousness of the identity of divine love with the best of human love she shows in a letter written in 1864 to Mrs. Russell, the friend whose patient nursing had greatly helped toward her recovery.

"Oh, my dear Mary, it is an unspeakable blessing to have such a friend as you are to me. Often when I have felt unusually free from my misery of late, it has seemed to me that I could not be grateful enough to God for the mercy; unless he inspired me with a spiritual gratitude far above the mere tepid human gratitude I offered Him. And just so with you; I feel as if I needed God's help to make me humanly capable of the sort of sacred thankfulness I ought to feel for such a friend as yourself!"

But the victory was only partial. The concrete, logic-limited mind was never quite at ease with the loving heart. In the *Reminiscences of Jane Welsh Carlyle* her husband wrote:

"On the religious side, looking into the very heart of the matter, I always reckon her [his mother] rather superior to my Jane, who in other shapes and with far different exemplars and conditions, had a great deal of noble religion too."

"Stand with me on the Everlasting basis". But she never could do so with her whole being. "Yes", she once wrote, "it is the mixing up of things that is the great bad". And she could never quite rise superior to the mixing of creed, that which can be spoken, with the Highest, which cannot be spoken in words. To all the native equipment of reverence, sensitive appreciation, loving kindness that should have made Mrs. Carlyle's nature richly religious there was added the misfortune that the old faith was taken away before a new one was quite found. Or perhaps a garment of creed would in any case have been as necessary for her spiritual comfort as were, for her physical comfort, the many wrappings with which she was wont to swathe her feeble body.

"Be a mystic, dearest". . . could she but have achieved this 'Everlasting basis'!

MABEL DAVIDSON.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

### BARBARA

She has grown like the sea that she knows so well.  
For hours she watches the sails go by;  
She loves the wind and the spray and the smell  
Of tar from the fishing nets hung to dry.

Her hands are as graceful as flying gulls,  
Like the sea there is loneliness on her lips,  
And deep in her heart lie the rotting hulls  
Of her dreams like the wreckage of sunken ships.

GRACE RYDER BENNETT.

## FRANKENSTEIN LITERATURE AND BUSINESS MANAGERS

I was angry, I remember, violently angry. As I look back through the years, I still think that I had a right to be, though at the time I had no idea how common an event in the life of an author what I was then undergoing had become. In my hands were three manuscripts which had been ordered and duly accepted. Was it *possible* that they were now actually being rejected? It was. Furthermore, it was fact, and my precious time had been wasted. I could hardly believe that I was not to receive one cent for all the hours I had spent in producing just what I had been engaged to produce. Yet that is exactly what our conference amounted to. For I was being told that the **magazine** for which I had prepared the articles could not possibly use them and that I was perfectly free to place them elsewhere. But where? I knew of no other magazine using material of this particular sort. So there I stood very red in the face and very quivery about the nostrils.

That was my first disagreeable experience in an editorial office. I have had others since then; but they have carried with them none of the keenly poignant shock which that gave me. I am hardened now. So I take the ups and downs of the freelancing game much more philosophically than I used to. Yet the more I learn about the publishing business, the more depressed I am over the entire situation in regard to American letters, unless . . . unless . . .

But to return to that first hour of enlightenment. This is what had led up to it. I had met at a dinner party the editor of a magazine of popular psychology. Very naturally he and I had discussed some of the psychological problems just then becoming sufficiently widely known for him to have heard of them. That evening nothing was said about my contributing to his periodical. A few days later, however, I received a note asking me to call at his office. When I met him there, he spoke of how much impressed he had been by what I had given as my interpretation of certain psychological phenomena which had always interested

him. He hoped, therefore, that I was at leisure to prepare for him an article on one of the topics he mentioned; and he immediately suggested several. Before I went out, we had agreed upon rates, length of the article, time of publication, and a few other matters of routine but, alas! not in writing. That was a very disastrous oversight on my part, even though it did teach me never to put my trust in mere verbal agreement. But to get back to my narrative.

In due time I presented him with the manuscript he had ordered. In fact, he liked it so well that he asked me to outline for him a series of eighteen articles developing such aspects of psychology as might be of especial interest to his type of readers. I, therefore, prepared immediately my list of titles, and we talked them over together. After I had written two more articles, I took them to him so that I could find out how closely I was conforming to the literary style his readers were accustomed to. In addition, I wanted to be certain that he was satisfied with what I had done. For in the very beginning, I had warned him that I had no intention of distorting science in order to popularize it. If I could not make the facts interesting without falsifying them, then I was unwilling to go on with the series. Again he expressed the greatest enthusiasm for what I had written. Several days later, he telephoned to assure me of his even greater satisfaction since he had taken time to give the three articles a still more careful reading. Thus encouraged, I went steadily forward in preparing the series. Finally one day, happening to be in his neighborhood, I dropped in for a chat.

A moment after I entered his private office, I could see that, although he was making every effort to appear genial, something had gone wrong since my previous visit. As soon as he could think up an excuse for sending his secretary into an adjoining room, he began to explain that for some time he had been intending to communicate with me but that he had been too greatly rushed even to telephone.

"I am sorry, very sorry; indeed," he said, "but, after the most careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I can't use your articles. I am afraid that they are a good deal over the heads of our readers."

Here he began sketching through the pages to point out various passages which he felt sure could be greatly improved. I answered that to give them the bias which he suggested would make them not only meaningless, but contrary to fact. Still he persisted. So finally I asked him point-blank:

"Then what did you mean by telephoning me that you were ready to print them in their original form? What has brought about your change of opinion?"

Greatly embarrassed, he confessed that his opinion had not changed. After making up the dummies for the next six months, he had submitted them, as was customary, for the approval of the business manager. The latter had rejected my articles.

"You see," the editor went on to explain, "the advertising manager has just sold two full pages of the next twenty-four issues to a new publishing firm which is going to put out books on becoming a super-man through the use of will-power. Of course, we couldn't run any articles which would interfere with the sale of those books; but, if you could change yours so as to help along . . ."

"With just what my articles were written to expose as a fraud?"

"I shouldn't put it in that way," he protested. "You are taking a very narrow-minded point of view. After all, what you say in these articles represents nothing more than a theory, and a theory . . ."

"Must not stand in the way of quackery if quackery can be made profitable."

Thereupon he had returned me my manuscripts with the injured and dignified assurance that he would neither publish for me nor pay me for the work I had already done.

That is why I was angry; and that is why, too, I set out at once to consult the Authors' League of America upon the advisability of my bringing suit to gain the money I considered as due me. On my way, however, I happened to meet the hostess at whose party I had been introduced to the editor. She begged me not to take my case into court; and I finally yielded, after listening to her account of the predicament in which the editor now found himself. Prior to his accepting the position he was

then holding, he had been for a long time without work, and his wife and children had hardly had food to eat. Even now he was still heavily in debt, and to lose his editorship would throw him practically on the streets. She explained further that he and the business manager were not getting along well together, and that, if I created a scandal, the editor would be discharged, because (and here to me came the great surprise) both editor and editorial policy were entirely under the control of the business manager.

This, as I said, was my first glimpse behind the scenes of a publishing house; but a little more experience soon taught me that the closest "coöperation" between the editorial department and the advertising department is considered essential to the prosperity of any firm. Publishing is one form of big business, and a most legitimate form. Unfortunately, however, business and literature have very little to do with each other. Just how completely literature is subservient to business anyone should begin to suspect who will examine the advertising pages of the first magazine, weekly, or newspaper one may chance to pick up. Count the number of pages of advertising, and compare them with the amount of space given to written matter. Then consider the nature of products or of the ideas advertised, and think in that connection of the editorial policy of the magazine. Newspapers carrying extensive advertisements for patent medicines will not be found taking a very active stand against the too-liberal alcoholic content of tonics and scalp cures. Magazines featuring the advertisements of great steamship companies will have little to say in favor of restricted immigration or against the abuses of foreign trade. Magazines displaying full pages in color setting forth the virtues of certain brands of cigarettes will be silent in regard to the injurious effects of nicotine. Neither will they mention that certain tobacco companies make a practice of giving away annually tons of cigarettes to the children of China. Reviewers manage somehow to speak a good word for the books sent them by the publishing firm which does the greatest amount of advertising with the periodicals to which the reviewers contribute. For a long time now critics of drama have complained that they are not allowed to express their real opinion of the plays they attend. And so it goes.

But perhaps someone objects: "None of this has anything to do with literature. You are talking about journalism of the baldest variety."

"Granted," I rejoin. "Nevertheless, the set of the weather-cock for journalism may indicate quite definitely in which direction the wind must be blowing for literature and may help to account for the parched and shriveled condition of much of the latter."

Let me develop a little further a few additional aspects of journalism as influenced by advertising. Hundreds of business firms and public men (even colleges and college presidents) employ a regular staff of writers to keep them before the public. These writers send out news articles and fiction in which the elements of advertising is so skilfully concealed that the public never once suspects the true nature of the pap it is being fed. For instance, into some perfectly legitimate item of news, the name of the person, the product, or the idea to be advertised will be introduced, not conspicuously, perhaps; nevertheless, it is there, and there in such a way as to create a favorable impression and to link it with other things toward which the reader is already favorably disposed. Then this material is *given* away to any publication which will accept it. Usually all the inducement required is for the item or article to be interestingly written and effectively illustrated.

Sometimes, however, an extra touch or two may be necessary to make the advertising altogether effective. In this event, a great real estate development corporation, for instance, may pay a popular author a huge sum to give as the setting for his next story the locality which the corporation is trying to get before the public. There is no collusion between the magazine and the development company. The former recognizes in its contract only the author from whom it purchases a definite piece of fiction. All the same, so far as the development company is concerned, the locality has been even more attractively presented than if advertising space had been actually bought and paid for. It has around it now all the glamor which fiction can give to any place or any set of characters. This, of course, is an excellent business arrangement for the author as well as for the ad-

vertiser. The publisher, too, is in no wise the loser. For he has secured from the author an acceptable story and, in addition, whatever advertising value the author's name happens to carry with it.

With practically all magazines, circulation is the primary concern. For upon circulation depends the rate which advertisers are willing to pay for the space they purchase. To secure a large circulation is exceedingly advantageous for advertiser, author, and publisher. The question from my point of view is, Does a huge circulation aid in the production of anything which can be dignified with the title of literature?

"Certainly not!" exclaim all three at once. "Who supposes that it does? The public doesn't care anything about literature. What it wants is to be entertained. We are giving it good entertainment at the same time that we are making money for ourselves."

All very true, and yet I cannot help wondering what percentage of the public had not much rather have its news items presented to it uncolored by propaganda of any sort and its fiction something more substantial than is now available. I cannot believe that all Americans live preferably on thrills. Even my limited acquaintance includes hundreds of persons who long for better reading matter than they are able to secure. They realize that something is wrong somewhere. What they do not realize is simply that their tastes are not being catered to, that they themselves do not count in the business-managing world.

This condition of the magazine market has not arisen overnight. It is the result of all which has intervened since the establishment of the first American printing press. Printing started as a trade. Publishing is still that, even when it represents something vastly more, something linking it with the greatest American industries, something of preëminent significance and power. Hence the attitude of the publishing business toward every ramification of its contact with the public. The manufacture and sale of magazines and books is as much a part of big business as is the manufacture and sale of steel rails.

The publishing center of America is located in that tiny strip of land which extends for a few blocks to each side of

Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, from Washington Square to Central Park. The sum total of all the publishing firms elsewhere in the United States is so small as hardly to count in comparison. The best these outsiders can generally do is to follow the standards and tendencies set by New York. Yet never forget that in recent years New York has shown itself particularly out of touch with certain tendencies in American thought and feeling. Too few New Yorkers are American born.

Because New York has always presented unusually favorable conditions for the development of the book trade, that trade has naturally flourished there to the exclusion of other communities. It has expanded into big business, and it has attracted to itself capital because it could insure to investors incomes as large as those to be had from other legitimate investments. To succeed as a business, publishing must be as cold-blooded and calculating as other forms of business. Although there are idealists engaged in it, just as there are idealists in all types of business, its purpose, nevertheless, is not to produce literature, but to secure returns on capital invested. Many of the men controlling the publishing houses are no more concerned with the æsthetic or the moral value of their product than are the manufacturers of soap. Yet there is among publishers a minority of as brilliant and idealistic a group as can be found in any business or any profession, not excluding either preaching or teaching. From them emanates practically everything which is wholesome and sound in the trade. While they are forced to conform to the practices and standards of the business they follow, at the same time they do strive unswervingly to place before the public the best possible product commensurate with a reasonable return upon the capital invested. They would be very remiss in their obligation to their investors if they allowed their business to assume the nature of anything approaching speculation. Until very recently, the publication of literature has been more or less of a wild-cat venture; and even now it is hard to tell just what form of it will yield financial returns. Every editor would like to be known as the man who always guesses right in this particular.

In their hours of communicative leisure, editors will confide

to any who cares to listen their regret over the inferiority of the product they market. Knowing good books and valuing them, still these men are forced to turn down nearly all the books of real worth submitted to them. Each year any one firm can afford to add to its list only two or three books of genuine excellence, and these can be accepted only at the price of publishing a great number of books without other merit than that the public wants them and will purchase them if they are properly advertised. So the first-class manuscripts, if they chance to be recognized as such, are regretfully returned to their authors.

I say, "if they chance to be recognized as such", because very few of the readers for publishing firms are persons of discernment. They are more than likely to be of exactly the same type as the average man. In fact, they are often chosen because they are just that. For the manuscript reader must be trained, not in determining literary values, but in understanding what the average purchaser wants. Thus it comes about that the reader's report on a truly good book or story or article often contains the words *dull* or *incomprehensible*. So the manuscript goes back to the author accompanied by the usual rejection slip. Sometimes, however, it does find its way to those capable of appreciating it, in which case it goes back bearing with it a letter of commendation and regret. My point, though, is that, in spite of its excellence, the good manuscript is more frequently than not rejected, and that the author is left to struggle along as best he may until he has achieved fame. "Make your reputation first", editors say to him. "Then come to us, and we shall do our very best to sell your books for you."

In the face of all these discouragements, some authors do manage to struggle on and on until they can win themselves a hearing. Even then, however, unless they happen to achieve at once a "best-seller", they must usually have four or five books to their credit before the public begins to be aware of their existence or publishers cease to consider them as a decided risk. Perhaps a good bit of the trouble here arises from the fact that the advertising manager has more authority in selecting

the books for the list of his firm than has the average editor. For after the editorial department has made its selections, the business departments can still exercise their veto; and any manuscript which does not give promise of an immediate turnover in capital invested is likely to be started home by the first express wagon which calls at the office.

To repeat—marketability, and not literary value, is almost invariably the determining factor in the acceptance or rejection of a manuscript. What the judgment of the sales manager or the advertising manager is worth may be partially estimated in the number of failures to make a hit which every firm must show among the books on its list; but, on the other hand, to these men must go a large part of the credit for the books which succeed—that is, which sell. Literary value, however, is not often computed as having part in the success of a book.

Another factor which in recent years has interfered very materially with the production of good novels and short stories is the motion picture. Publishers demand that authors produce plots which will screen. Very often books and stories are published for no better reason than that they give promise of yielding valuable returns through the sale of their motion-picture rights. This situation is the more readily understood when one realizes that practically all motion-picture firms refuse to consider for production any story which has not appeared in print. Hence publishers could at one time maintain with some show of justice that the entire screen rights should be theirs for all books they publish. Recently, however, the better class of publishing house has been more reasonable in its attitude both toward the type of fiction it will accept and toward the author in making with him an equitable distribution of receipts from motion-picture rights. For, editors of sound judgment have realized all along that the technique of the novel or of the short story is usually so different from that of the motion picture, and that the type of subject which can be successfully handled by these different media is in most instances so far apart that to confine literature to the publication of only such of its plots as give promise of success on the screen is to bar from publication a great amount of very lucrative material and

to reduce to a formula a predominant portion of the fiction which does find its way into print.

It seems to me that the most unfortunate aspect of the present subserviency of the editorial office to the business manager is to be found in the almost universal yearning for "best-sellers". Quite naturally, from the point of view of any business man, every investment in the publication of a book must be made to yield the last penny. Although many great books have been excellent sellers, the better the quality of the book, the more likely the book is to find a limited sale. Therefore, the mediocre book with a very wide appeal is what publishers have sought and are continuing to seek. For authors whose reputations are already well established and who have built up a following for themselves, there is sale for almost anything they may write, unless the book goes too much beyond the depth of the average reader. New authors, however, are practically forbidden to leave the trodden paths of the cheap and sensational. They must get themselves established in the good graces of the general public before they are allowed to make an appeal to the intelligent reader. In fact, business managers rarely consider the intelligent reader. He is too intangible a person for his presence to be felt, even though the business offices themselves may contain no small percentage of men of this very type. Because it does not represent a ponderable mass, the intellectual element in our population is usually pushed aside with a shrug. Furthermore, it will continue to be treated in this way so long as it submits docilly to a situation by no means inevitable.

When the business policy of a magazine forces its editors to secure for it material suited to the widest possible circulation, very naturally the editors must be careful to publish nothing which could offend any reader or run counter to his prejudices. The consequence is that the pages of the average magazine (particularly the magazines for women) are about as devoid of ideas as any form of print could well be. This does not mean that their editors are necessarily vacant-pated themselves. All that it does mean is that they as astute business men are more concerned with tickling the fancy of a

large number of readers than with stimulating the minds of those readers. Editors know perfectly well that the introduction into their pages of anything not innocuous will bring down upon them tons of mail either in protest or in cancellation of subscriptions. Therefore, they do the wise and altogether human thing. They keep a list of subjects which must not be mentioned; and this list often includes every controversial topic which ought to be engaging the attention of thoughtful men and women. "The magazine goes to the home; children are there and will be contaminated", parents argue, although they allow these very children to spend evening after evening watching motion pictures made from the trashiest and most corrupting fiction. To meet this objection on the part of innumerable parents, magazine editors are forced to keep the intellectual level of their fiction and articles down to that of the seventh-grade child. They themselves often laugh over the mush which they publish; but they treat with due reverence the very substantial fortunes built up by the pursuit of the aforementioned editorial policy.

If you as an intelligent person object to reading twaddle, the only logical course for you is to cancel your subscription to all magazines dispensing this commodity. Next, subscribe to the very highest type of magazine which you can find; but do not let your efforts end there. Sit down occasionally and send a short letter to its editorial staff to praise the story or the article that has pleased you and to suggest what would be of especial interest to you in future. Cancelled subscriptions and letters of protest make a great impression in editorial offices; but continued subscriptions and letters of commendation have a still greater effect. If you really want good literature, demand it and keep on demanding it. Raise a shout of acclamation in its favor whenever anything approximating it comes under your eye.

If a sufficient number of persons of literary discernment band together, they can remake the book market. Certainly little in the way of reform is to be expected from publishing firms or booksellers. So long as they continue to make money, they can see no reason for a change of policy. The only method

of reaching them is through their sales accounts. I know many editors who would rejoice to publish the very best books offered them if these books had a reasonable chance of competing successfully with the mediocre books which the sales manager thinks that he can handle with profit. But, as I said, reform will never originate with the publishers. It must come primarily from those who feel the need for reform—that is, from that portion of the public which pines for books of the finest quality.

The method of attack in order to secure them might well be as follows: (1) Refuse to be influenced by flamboyant, hysterical advertising and by the ordinary book reviews. (2) Eschew the satisfaction of saying that you have just read the most recent of the season's sensations. (3) Show your wisdom by selecting some critic whose taste corresponds with your own and by purchasing the books which he recommends. For remember that a good book retains its flavor even though it may not reach you hot from the press. The level of education in America is higher than ever before. There are more readers with discernment than ever before. Likewise the annual output of good books is much larger than in times past. In spite of all this, the general quality of our literature has not risen anything like the same extent as that of the taste of the best class of readers. Just as the public has clamored for better and better music until better music has been accorded it, just as the public has accepted fine standards in architecture because of the enthusiastic leadership of American architects, so the reader with good taste must withhold his money from the purchase of the banal and frivolous in order to have it ready for investment in books of real merit.

Something akin to this is already in progress, and publishing houses are beginning to be aware of a change on the part of customers, though thus far what has taken place has been wholly undirected. One might almost say *accidental*. However, if, in future, intelligent readers resort to something like concerted action in their method of purchasing, I am certain that the response of many publishing houses will be immediate and favorable. Even though they are concerned with selling books,

not literature, nevertheless, their editors would prefer that their books should be literature; and even the most timid among them would not have much hesitation in arguing with business managers or advertising managers in pushing good books, if the intelligent reader would take the trouble to make his voice heard in his purchases through booksellers or in the requests for purchases which he files in libraries and clubs. Business managers will begin to sail under full canvas toward the port of good literature the moment they become convinced that sacks of gold will be their return cargo.

That literature is in the hands of business managers and advertising managers is undoubtedly true. *But* (and here is the great point to keep in mind) any large class of persons which will spend its money with circumspection always receives the attention of business men, big or little. Therefore, challenge authors to write their best. Challenge publishers to place this best on the market. However, no reader need expect to receive anything better than he is willing to pay for. To produce an inferior art product is always easier than to produce an excellent one; but the excellent will be forthcoming when the business manager sets the editor to searching in earnest for manuscripts worth the attention of our new reading public. The rise of popular education is already establishing an aristocracy in the republic of books. What this will lead to in future depends largely upon the feeling of solidarity which bids fair to develop in the ever increasing intellectual class.

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## THE DECAY OF THE PROVINCES: A STUDY OF NATIONALISM AND SECTIONALISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

The last six or eight years have witnessed the development of a new attitude toward American literature. Those once known as "the young intellectuals"—what shall we call them now that the term has fallen into disrepute?—have in many cases re-examined our older authors and found them wanting, with the exception of Whitman, Poe, and one or two others. Even Mark Twain has not come out undamaged from the ordeal of this trial by fire. More recently, the soberer scholars who teach our literature have begun to ask themselves if the time has not come for them to adopt new viewpoints and utilize new methods of approach. Professor Norman Foerster's article on *American Literature* in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for April 3, 1926, is a very significant statement of the newer point of view. It is significant, too, that the American Literature Group of the Modern Language Association has begun to ask, what are the important factors in our literary history? The political and economic historians have put American literary historians to shame.

It is high time we studied our literature imaginatively, with a full appreciation of the various forces that have made it what it is. The present discussion is an attempt to state the part played by certain important historical forces. Our literary history has been largely the product of three influences, foreign, national, and sectional. There have been, first, the tendency to imitate European literatures, especially English; second, the tendency toward the differentiation of American from English literatures—the tendency toward national standards and subject-matter; and, finally, the tendency of American literature to break up into a group of sectional literatures.

### I

It is obvious that American literature began as a minor branch—or, more accurately, as several minor branches—of English literature; and only in recent times became a distinct national

literature. It was inevitable that our early writers should be imitative. Our colonial population, as Professor W. P. Trent has pointed out, was made up of those elements which would have produced no literature of importance if they had remained in Europe. Indeed, one might say the same of nearly all later immigrants as well. Our immigrants have rarely come from an economic or cultural level which is productive of literature. We have borrowed as heavily from the English as the Romans borrowed from the Greeks, and with greater reason. London was the literary center of the Anglo-Saxon world until well down into the nineteenth century. The absence, even yet, of a single American literary capital compared to London or Paris has made it easier for this colonial attitude of mind to persist. That it still persists is evident from our attitude toward every British celebrity who visits this country.

The political separation of the colonies from the mother country produced a loud clamor for a national literature, but it did not at once greatly lessen the intellectual dependence of America upon England; and it certainly did not immediately produce a national literature. Finding no native literary tradition of importance to build upon, our writers had to import one. The chief function of our early writers, like Irving, Longfellow, and Poe, was to transplant to a semi-frontier country the literary traditions of the Old World.

On the other hand, the European influence has not always had the effect of making our writers imitative. The American authors who have made the deepest impression on Europe are—with the exception of Poe—just those writers who have been most national in spirit and theme; Cooper, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Harte, Mark Twain, Jefferson, and Lincoln.

European critics have often been quick to discover and encourage a vigorous Americanism and to discourage the following of European literary fashions.

Certain European literary movements, it may be noted, have affected our literature profoundly because certain American tendencies had prepared the way for them. For instance, the American Revolution had something in common with the French Revolution; and tendencies common to both help to explain

why the European Romantic Movement dominated American literature until the time of the Civil War. Again, the shock of the Civil War and the increasing industrialization of American life help to explain why European Realism has found many followers among our later writers. A revolution in methods of transportation and communication has brought Europe closer to New York than Boston and Philadelphia were a century ago; and the World War, by bringing America into a more active participation in world affairs, prepared the way for an increasing interchange of literary influences.

There is one point which those who plead for a native literature have often overlooked: our continent has furnished an abundance of fresh literary materials but nothing in the way of technique. Our writers have always been dependent upon Europe for models of form. Without Scott's novels, we should never have had *The Last of the Mohicans*, nor perhaps *The Scarlet Letter*. For *Hiawatha* Longfellow borrowed the metrical form of the Finnish *Kalevala*. In Taine's *Art of the Netherlands* Edward Eggleston found a suggestion for the method he used in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. Owen Wister's first Western story was modeled on a story by Mérimeé. And, if we may believe Conrad Aiken, our contemporary poets are as deeply indebted to Europe as any of their predecessors. Amy Lowell, for example, owed as much to Europe as did her kinsman, James Russell Lowell.

## II

The train of thought embodied in this article had its origin in an article of Frederick J. Turner's entitled "Geographic Sectionalism in American History", printed in the *Annals of the Association of American Geographers* for June, 1926. Professor Turner maintains that our historians have neglected nearly every aspect of sectionalism except the slavery issue. He suggests that it would be well for the geographer, the historian, the student of literature, and all others who are interested to join forces and attack the subject again from new angles.

Serious students of American literature have been unduly prejudiced against the sectional approach by the inferior quality

and the provincial bias of existing sectional studies—especially of the South. Yet, as Turner points out, the United States is practically as large as the whole of Europe; and our sections are in many respects analogous to the nations of Europe. Furthermore, until after the Civil War the United States was not so much a nation as a loose confederacy of states or sections in process of becoming a nation. Our literature in ante-bellum days was becoming little more than an aggregation of sectional literatures.

The chronological order in which our literary history is almost invariably studied has its disadvantages not only before the Civil War but after. We gaily skip from Aldrich to Mark Twain, from Cable to Garland, and from Bret Harte to Henry James. The neglected sectional approach would yield excellent results provided always that it were employed with a full realization of national and foreign literary influences. But we do not need any more such studies as Miss Louise Manly's history of Southern literature.

The forces making for sectionalism have been numerous. There were great physiographic and climatic differences among the colonies. Virginia was as different from Massachusetts as Italy from England. The size of the country was enormous, and methods of communication were primitive. Each colony was a unit in itself; it looked to England; and its chief relations with its sister colonies were political and commercial disputes. Inevitably, state consciousness was very strong in all the original thirteen states, North as well as South. Virginia and Massachusetts long thought of themselves as independent nations. Slavery, of course, intensified these divergent tendencies. Finally, the growth of the frontier created a new type of sectionalism which arrayed the West against the East. Ever since the passing of the Western frontier there has been considerable hostility between the agricultural West and South and the rapidly expanding industrial section of the North and East.

In literature, as in history, one notes the importance of certain sections: the South, most provincial in feeling of all the sections; New England, which held the cultural leadership while the South held the whiphand in political matters; the

Middle Atlantic states, in which American literature found its first national expression in Franklin, Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Melville, and Whitman; and, finally, the West, which is so large that it has subdivided itself into various sections more or less distinct. New England and the South yielded to nationalizing influences more slowly than the Middle Atlantic states and the West. In the Middle States, which were of mixed racial and religious tendencies, the American type first appeared. In a recent biography Phillips Russell has called Franklin "the first civilized American". In the Middle States Franklin and Bryant lost some of their New England rough edges. Poe, reared in the South, inevitably drifted there. There, too, we find Walt Whitman, most consciously American of all our writers. Had Whitman grown up in either Massachusetts or Virginia, he would probably have become a very different sort of poet. It was the influence of the Middle Atlantic states, reinforced by the rising West, that made American literature national.

### III

I wish I had time to discuss the South, which represents the sectional extreme in our literature. But the South stands too much apart from the central tendencies in American literature. I shall take New England instead, for we are still prone to identify the American achievement in literature with what George E. Woodberry once called "the literature of Harvard College". Let me, however, before I leave the South, refer to Paul Green's scathing review of *The Library of Southern Literature* in *The Reviewer* for January, 1925. And let me quote a sentence from a letter written by a Southern woman, Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, in March, 1866: "I do not think very highly of American literature even at its best, but Southern literature is the feeblest attempt, the very weakest rinsings." What the South needs now is a few more studies like John Donald Wade's admirable life of Judge Longstreet.

New England is the most interesting part of the United States; it is clearly the most important in our literary history. And yet I believe its importance has been misunderstood, if not

overestimated—particularly within its own borders. In New England the dominant influences have been sectional and foreign; they have not been national. We greatly need a study of New England literature done with the detachment and thoroughly national point of view of James Truslow Adams's three studies in the history of New England.

For a long time New England dominated our literature; only in recent years have our writers thrown overboard as un-American the literary ideals of Longfellow and his contemporaries. New England still to a certain degree dominates our study of American literature. New Englanders and outsiders trained in New England have taught our English and history courses, edited our magazines, and written—and published—our histories, our literary histories, and our biographies of American men of letters. Until recently New Englanders often failed to understand the importance of Western and Southern writers; and they were thought of as national characteristics which were either local or European.

New England, says Frederick J. Turner, was destined by geography to provincialism. It was cut off from the other colonies by the Dutch in New York. Its rivers led the early settlers northward rather than westward, as in states to the south. It was settled by men and women who thought of themselves as a peculiar people, chosen of God, and so superior to the Gentiles in other sections. They saw a Luther or a Calvin in every village pastor. "Thus", says J. A. Doyle, an English historian of the colonies, "in gathering our information from the abundant supply of chronicals which the piety and the intellectual activity of New England have bequeathed us, we are continually at the mercy of a self-deceiving enthusiasm. We are reading not a history but a hagiology."

New England thought of itself as a unit. Hawthorne once said that New England was as large a lump of earth as he could cherish any affection for. "When I was beginning life," wrote Lowell, "we had no national unity, and the only kind of unity we had was in New England, but it was a provincial kind."

In New England, climate, geography, local institutions, and the Puritan inheritance combined to produce a marked sectional

type. I wonder if the importance of the Puritan inheritance in producing this type is not overestimated. Professor Andrews tells us in *The Fathers of New England* that only a very small proportion of emigrants to New England were members of the Puritan churches. The chief motive of settlers there, as elsewhere, was economic. John Adams once gave a Virginia soldier a recipe for making a New England in Virginia—which Heaven forbid should ever come to pass! This is the formula: "town-meetings, training-days, town-schools, and ministers." What, I wonder, would slavery and the tobacco plantation have made of Massachusetts?

If New England was un-American, however, is not that fact a partial explanation of its greatness in literature? Had Boston, Cambridge, and Concord been typical American towns, we should never have had an Emerson, a Holmes, or a Hawthorne. Few if any of our numerous zeniths and Gopher Prairies have produced writers of any importance. New England was one of the first sections to reach the economic and cultural stage in which literature can flourish. The soil was pure and not well adapted to farming—except perhaps for such literary harvests as have been gathered by Emerson and Robert Frost;—but the country was well supplied with water power, harbors, and timber; naturally it turned to manufacturing, ship-building, and to fisheries. By 1830 there were a large number of families with wealth, leisure, culture, and a keen interest in literature. New England had an excellent educational tradition; it inherited a genuine interest in things of the mind and spirit, "I arrived in Boston," says William Dean Howells, "when all talents had a literary coloring, and when the great talents were literary"; and again, he says: "Literature in Boston, indeed, was so respectable, and often of so high a lineage, that to be a poet was not only to be good society, but almost to be good family." What was it in the New England environment that produced so un-American an attitude? None of our present studies explains the matter adequately.

But if New England's variations from the American norm help explain the greatness of the New England writers, do not these variations also account for the contemporary revolt against

the New England tradition as something essentially alien? New England literature was aristocratic, for its leaders distrusted democracy. It was academic, for it was produced largely by ministers, professors, and lyceum lecturers. It was a village literature, with little that appeals to the metropolitan society of to-day. It represented only seaboard New England; the Massachusetts frontier and the region north and west of Boston had little part in it. It almost ignored the West and the South. It ignored the industrial revolution that was rapidly transforming the life of the section. It ignored—and still practically ignores—the thousands of foreigners within the borders of New England. The New England anti-slavery writers did not have curiosity enough to go to the South to see what slavery was like, as, for example, Thackeray did. When New England poets dealt with Western themes, as Longfellow did in *Evangeline*, they too often got their local color from books and pictures. New England looked to Europe. "There were only eastern windows in the houses of the Brahmins." The New Englander knew more of what was happening in London or Paris than of what was going on in Philadelphia or Richmond. I shall let George Santayana speak the contemporary view of the New England renaissance:

About the middle of the nineteenth century, in the quiet sunshine of provincial prosperity, New England had an Indian summer of the mind; and an agreeably reflective literature showed how brilliant that russet and yellow season could be. There were poets, historians, orators, preachers, most of whom had studied foreign literatures and had travelled; they demurely kept up with the times; they were universal humorists. But it was all a harvest of leaves; these worthies had an expurgated and barren conception of life; theirs was the purity of sweet old age. . . . These cultivated writers lacked native roots and fresh sap because the American intellect itself lacked them. Their culture was half a pious revival, half an intentional acquirement; it was not the inevitable flowering of a fresh experience.

It seems at first a little strange that the so-called Concord group—Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne—should be holding their own so much better than the Boston-Cambridge group.

The Concord writers were more national; in them the frontier influence was stronger. Emerson's manners may have been those of the Boston Brahmin, but in his thinking he could find a place for the frontier democracy of Jackson and Lincoln. Thoreau was in closer touch with the frontier spirit still surviving in New England. In him we find a sort of recrudescence of the pioneer spirit, half concealed by Transcendental terms and by numerous allusions to foreign literatures.

The Civil War and the vast influx of foreigners have greatly lessened the provincialism of New England; and certainly no one can say that the living writers of New England are un-American. Even a superficial study of recent literature shows that New England is producing a very large part of what is significant in contemporary literature. In the main, however, few of these writers come from the vicinity of Boston; and they look to New York, as do all our other writers.

#### IV

The national characteristics of American literature seem to me to have three main sources: first, the racial, religious, and social divergence of the immigrants from the English type; second, the frontier; and, third, the economic or industrial revolution. The first and third factors make also for a cosmopolitanism favorable to influences from abroad.

The ancestors of the modern American were not typical Englishmen: many of them were not English at all. This is obviously true of the present population of the North and East. But, as Professor A. M. Schlesinger has said, "Contrary to widespread belief, even the people of the thirteen English colonies formed the most cosmopolitan area in the world at the time." Professor Schlesinger further suggests that "The fine arts in America have been developed largely by men of mixed blood". Perhaps the admixture of non-Anglo-Saxon blood—Scotch, German, French, Irish, Scandinavian, Italian, Slavic—has had upon the English stock somewhat the effect that the Celtic and Norman influences are supposed to have had upon the stolid Anglo-Saxon in England.

The religious beliefs of the colonists were not those of the

typical Englishman. In general, one may safely say, the bulk of the settlers were nonconformists. This is true of large areas in the Middle and Southern states as well as of New England. The nonconformist tradition is responsible for many of the characteristics of the American bourgeoisie, although the frontier and other national influences have served to differentiate the American from the British Philistine. In a memorable chapter J. M. Keynes tells us that the English representatives at the peace conference did not know how to deal with Woodrow Wilson until they recognized in him the nonconformist clergyman.

The immigrant to America has usually been more aggressive, more ambitious, more restless than his relatives who remained in Europe. Years of this selective process have tended to make the Englishman in many respects more conservative and the American more radical—although American radicalism is of a limited kind. Again, in the settlement of the West one notes that the restless, the dissatisfied, left home while those with less initiative usually remained behind. The British travellers in America have often noted that as they went west from the Atlantic seaboard the American type seemed to diverge more and more from the English type.

The strongest of national influences—although it is now fading—has been the frontier. American historians have found in the frontier the chief explanation of our national characteristics in politics, social life, and in cultural matters as well. The important factors in the frontier influence are the great distance of America from Europe, the absence of many European traditions and institutions, the abundance of free land, which meant unparalleled economic opportunity, and the presence of many nationalities and many shades of opinion on the frontier—which has been our only efficient melting pot. It is the frontier influence that has most effectively differentiated the American from Europeans; it explains why in life and in literature his reactions are different from theirs. The frontier has given the American writer many new themes. It is the dominance of the New England tradition in our literature that prevents our seeing that the frontier is as central a factor in our literature as in our history. The influence of the frontier was in large part

responsible for the American Revolution, which in its turn greatly influenced both our history and our literature. It became, as Carl Van Doren has suggested, one of the three "matters of American romance"; the other two being the Settlement and the Frontier. The Revolution, the product of national forces, became in its turn a great nationalizing force. At first the Revolution seemed to affect only political matters, but it ultimately brought about something like a social revolution as frontier democracy revealed its social and economic implications. Its influence is seen in the struggle of the Federalists and the Democrats so vividly depicted in Bowers's *Jefferson and Hamilton*.

The new national consciousness developed during the Revolution resulted quickly in a demand for a national literature; but the efforts of Freneau, Barlow, and others to produce it immediately were a comparative failure. It was the Romantic Movement, not the outworn literary tradition of the eighteenth century, that gave American writers the technical means for putting the national life into literature. But the political separation from the mother country was followed by a continuous stream of declarations of our intellectual independence from Europe: Irving's "English Writers on America"; Emerson's "The American Scholar"; Lowell's "A Fable for Critics" and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners"; Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*; Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*; Van Wyck Brooks's *America's Coming of Age*. Even Longfellow once pleaded for a native literature.

The Civil War, which abolished slavery, the chief basis of Southern sectionalism, made the nation a political and economic unit that it had never been before. It brought about the birth of a nation. Our fathers said, "The United States *are*; we say "The United States *is*." For this significant change in grammatical number, the Civil War is primarily responsible. The Civil War took the political leadership from New England and the South and gave it to the West, where national influences were strongest. Nearly all the great leaders on the Union side came from the Middle West. The Civil War gave us in Abraham Lincoln, to quote Lowell's memorable phrase, "the first American."

## V

The frontier influence was slower to make itself felt in literature than in politics, for in frontier society there were few writers of any importance. It was only after a long struggle that American literature became national; and it became a national literature largely through what Van Wyck Brooks has called "the sublimation of the frontier spirit".

For a time sectional influences in the West were strong. As the frontier wave passed westward, behind it in the new states a sectional consciousness began to develop. This found its expression in local and sectional newspapers, magazines, literary clubs, and historical societies. The new sections of the West wanted a literature of its own. They had the bumptious provincialism of new states and nations. What they wrote was often crude, raw, and provincial, but it was distinctly more American, for all that, than the writings of the East. Bret Harte tells us that a little group in San Francisco tried to create a California literature. If they did not succeed in that aim, he at least gave a great impulse to that literary movement which Professor Pattee has called "the second discovery of America".

Edward Eggleston, jealous of the literary dominance of New England, tried to prove that Indiana furnished as good material for the novelist as Massachusetts. Hamlin Garland and many others pleaded for a literature of the new West. Our contemporary literature is clearly dominated by the spirit of the Middle West. The advent of the West to American literature is in a sense comparable to the advent of Norway and Russia to European literature. What Ibsen and Tolstoy were to Europe, Mark Twain has been to America.

The West was frankly critical of the new England tradition. It found a half-hearted ally in the Middle Atlantic states—at least it found an enthusiastic ally in Whitman. It found further encouragement in a reconstructed South and in the growing cosmopolitan spirit. It found encouragement also in the European appraisement of American authors.

How did the Brahmins of New England take this insurrection in which the West was the ringleader? They acquiesced in Howell's promotion to the apostolic succession because he was

so thoroughly de-Westernized. But they resented the intrusion of vulgar figures like the pikes, and they resented the deluge of dialect stories and poems that followed. New England made little of Abraham Lincoln or of the new Western humorist, Mark Twain, whom Howells was to describe as "the Lincoln of our literature". Hawthorne did not know just what to make of Lincoln; he thought the president looked like a country schoolmaster—evidently Lincoln's appearance reminded him of Ichabod Crane. Howells tells us that of the Boston-Cambridge group only Charles Eliot Norton and Francis James Child could make anything of Mark Twain. Even Lowell did not warm to him. The best indication of Brahmin attitude toward the rising literary West is found in Albert Bigelow Paine's story of Mark Twain's speech at the Whittier birthday dinner in 1877. Here the custodians of the Brahmin tradition branded Mark Twain's humor as barbarous and sacriligious. New England was not convinced of Mark Twain's greatness until Europe had proclaimed it.

But the drift of things was against New England. Howells went to New York, and the literary center of American literature shifted about the same time. New York is now our literary capital, but the productive center is perhaps nearer Chicago than New York. In the Middle West, too, so Professor Krapp has recently told us, is to be found the standard American speech. Peace to the ashes of Noah Webster!

The third influence making for nationalism is the economic or industrial revolution. With the passing of the frontier and with the progressive industrialization of the country, American life has become very different from what it was on the frontier or in antebellum New England. The industrial belt of the Northeast has expanded until it includes not only New England and the Middle Atlantic states but also the larger part of the Middle West, and has even thrust itself into the heart of the South and the remoter West. In a sense the West is rapidly becoming a second East, as the South is becoming a second North. A revolution in methods of transportation and communication, has, so to speak, leveled the barriers of mountain and plain, annihilated distances, and brought all sections closer together—perhaps too

close—certainly, if New England and Southern life are to lose their distinctive flavor. Our factories have filled the land with ready-made products of all kinds. Our intellectual life has likewise become standardized. Our schools and magazines keep a kind of lock-step. So great is the tendency to uniformity that even rebel intelligentsia have revolted *en masse* and adopted in wholesale fashion the convention of unconventionality—as if by throwing over the conventions of the *Saturday Evening Post* and adopting those of the *American Mercury* they could really emancipate themselves.

The old sectional consciousnesses are rapidly fading. Except for certain slight and diminishing habits of speech, it is impossible to distinguish a Southerner from a Northerner or a Californian from a Yankee. Instead of the old sectionalism, we now have a growing class consciousness. It is more important to know whether a man whom we meet is a travelling salesman, a college professor, or a bricklayer, than to know where he was born and bred.

The revolution in American life and thought explains why the fathers of our country now seem more like country squires than far-seeing statesmen. It also explains why the earlier writings of New England and the South seem excessively provincial. Ours is the attitude of a cosmopolitan, urban, and industrial community toward a rural and provincial civilization.

The industrial revolution, however, is not a phenomenon peculiar to America. The whole western world sees its sectional and national characteristics fading; we are all becoming more or less stereotyped, standardized. Naturally then, the industrial revolution, which so greatly diminished distances, has brought America closer to Europe. New literary movements from abroad are felt much more quickly than was true a century ago. No wonder the *Dial* of to-day reveals the literary influence of Europe as plainly as the *Dial* of Emerson and Margaret Fuller. H. L. Mencken may be pardoned for thinking the one a continuation of the other.

My plea is for a study of American literature which shall be conducted with the same enlightened comprehension of important factors as our political, economic, and social historians have

shown. We who teach American literature have much to learn from Turner, Seligman, Beard, and Robinson. Twenty or thirty years of enlightened research may bring us studies of American literature comparable to Paxson's *History of the American Frontier* and Beard's *Rise of American Civilization*. But before that time students of American literature must devote themselves to a more thorough and a more imaginative scholarship than characterized nine-tenths of the investigation in that field up to four or five years ago.

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### AN OLD SOUTHERN HOME

Within, the dimness of cool, shaded nooks,  
The mingled scent of cedar wood and musk  
Lingering upon the air. Rows of worn books  
Fill all the walls; and in the dreaming dusk  
Silver and china fit to serve a king  
Star the dark places. Crossed above the door  
Hang swords . . . and many a wound has felt their sting!  
Phantom dancers glide down the polished floor—  
Dim shapes, old memories of long ago  
Fill the pale twilight with their muted life;  
From the shadows dark eyes seem to glow,  
The quiet air with echoes still is rife.

Without, the pageantry of flower and tree,  
The magic spell by summer deftly spun  
And spite of years still filled with mystery  
Of wind-blown branches, golden, shining sun.  
And as the day goes softly to its close,  
Across the hill all green with young, cut grass,  
Beneath a fragrant rain of shattered rose  
The wraiths of many long-dead lovers pass.

EDITH TATUM.

## MAGIC: A THEME OF ROMAN ELEGY

Love is the central theme of Roman elegy, and it is not surprising to find in it frequent mention of magic. The use of an image whereby love is induced by sympathetic magic is a prominent feature of the love charm in the second *Idyl* of Theocritus, which contains, as far as I know, the first love-magic formula in classical literature. The girl Simætha tries to bring back her truant lover Delphis, who has been absent for twelve days. This she accomplishes by invoking Hecate's aid, twirling a bronze wheel, and burning a wax image of her lover—all under the light of the full moon. In Virgil's eighth *Eclogue*, an imitation of Theocritus II, the love spell is wrought by means of two images—one of clay, the other of wax, burned in the fire. The latter is first bound with three threads, red, white, and black, and carried three times around the altar fire.

We may begin our study of magic in Tibullus, Propertius, and the elegy of Ovid with a list of the powers and practices which they ascribe to magicians.<sup>1</sup> In a famous passage<sup>2</sup> Tibullus says of a certain *saga* that she can; draw down the stars (and the moon), turn back rivers in their course, split the earth and call forth the dead, reanimate a corpse on the burning pyre, hold in thrall troops of the dead, sprinkle these with milk and disperse them, drive the storm clouds from the sky, call down snow on a summer day, use Medea's deadly herbs, and tame the hounds of Hecate. Elsewhere<sup>3</sup> Tibullus adds that incantation can entice the crops from a neighbor's field, and stop the advance of an angry snake.

A number of additions to this list may be made from Propertius. He beseeches Jupiter to heal Cynthia, for magic has failed: wheels twirled with magic song are of no help, and the laurel lies in ashes on the cold hearth.<sup>4</sup> Propertius again represents Cynthia as attributing her estrangement from her

<sup>1</sup> There are no allusions to magic in the elegies of Catullus.

<sup>2</sup> 1, 2, 41-50.

<sup>3</sup> 1, 8, 18-19.

<sup>4</sup> 2, 28, 35-36.

lover to the magic practices of a rival who has devised a love-charm composed of a philter of herbs, the vitals of a bloated bramble toad, dried serpent bones, owl feathers found on a tomb, and an image of wax bound with a thread.<sup>5</sup> Propertius, finally, says of a certain old hag, or *lena*, that she could: compel Hippolytus to fall in love, or Penelope to marry Antinous, annul the magnet's attraction, make a bird a step-mother to her own nestlings, with magic herbs dissolve solids in running water, change herself into a wolf, and blind the eyes of jealous husbands. She has dug out the eyes of crows, and used the *hippopanæs*.<sup>6</sup>

Twelve of the foregoing feats are mentioned by Ovid, who adds five new ones. He cites in a long array the powers of the old hag Dipsas, who among other things could make the stars drip blood, change herself into a screech-owl and fly abroad. She possessed the double pupil.<sup>7</sup> Again, Ovid charges Medea among other things with hiding the sun, and moving forests and living rock.<sup>8</sup>

In this long catalogue, in which repetitions have been omitted, thirty-four magic feats are named. Most of them are quite conventional. The moon charm properly heads the list. It is at once the most famous and picturesque of all, and is usually associated with love, as in the Theocritean *idyl*. The point in the moon charm is that the goddess of the moon—the *Dea Triformis*, Selene in heaven, Artemis on earth, and Hecate in Hades—is compelled to descend and do the magician's will.<sup>9</sup> Turning backward the course of streams is another common magic practice.<sup>10</sup> So too are the weather charms.<sup>11</sup> The original weather wizard was Æolus with his bag of winds.<sup>12</sup> The moon charm, the weather charms, the charm of turning streams

<sup>5</sup> 3, 6, 25-30. This passage is unique in that it contains the only magic formula for inducing love to be found in Roman Elegy. For another, see Horace, Epode 5.

<sup>6</sup> 4, 5, 5-18.

<sup>7</sup> *Amores*, 1, 8, 11-15.

<sup>8</sup> *Heroides*, 6, 86 and 88.

<sup>9</sup> For other occurrences of the moon charm in Roman Elegy, see Tib., 1, 8, 21; Prop., 1, 1, 19; 2, 28, 37; 4, 5, 13; Ovid, *Remed. Amor.*, 258; *Amores*, 2, 1, 23; *Heroides*, 6, 85; *Medicam. Fac.*, 42.

<sup>10</sup> See *Heroides*, 5, 28, f.; *Ex Ponto*, 4, 6, 45; *Remed. Amor.*, 257; *Heroides*, 6, 87; *Amores*, 1, 8, 6; 2, 1, 26.

<sup>11</sup> See *Amores*, 1, 8, 9.

backward in their courses are all spectacular reversals of the laws of nature. Ovid<sup>13</sup> enlarges on them for their picturesque and romantic interest; Seneca<sup>14</sup> and Lucan<sup>15</sup> realize to the full their rhetorical and dramatic possibilities. Enticing the harvests from another's field was a time-honored charm.<sup>16</sup> The snake charm also was not unfamiliar.<sup>17</sup>

A love charm of a perfectly natural character is elegaic verse itself. Propertius, vindicating his claim to be a poet of love, and renouncing Epic, says that Calliope has commissioned him to write amatory lines to be used by the lover,

That through thee he may know how to call forth his sweetheart by incantation.<sup>18</sup>

Ovid<sup>19</sup> makes this claim for his elegy, which, he says, can draw down the moon, reverse the course of the sun, make rivers flow backward, and burst the jaws of serpents. It can therefore compel one's sweetheart to return his love.

Most of the magician's tricks named by Ovid and not found in Tibullus and Propertius are of the conventional sort. To make the stars drip blood, hide the sun, or move forests and living rock are simply exhibitions of that power over inanimate nature claimed by the ordinary wizard. The second may be traced to the natural phenomenon of an eclipse. The third is a feat ascribed to such musicians as Orpheus and Amphion. Changing into a screech-owl is a companion piece with changing into a wolf. The wolf in magic lore is the most uncanny of animals, the screech-owl the most uncanny of birds.<sup>20</sup>

The situations in which Tibullus and Propertius introduce magic usually concern an old woman—variously styled *anus*, *saga*, or *lena*,—who practices sorcery as an adjunct to the trade of match-making. The old woman is asked to aid the poet's suit, or cursed for aiding a rival. She may be called in,

<sup>13</sup> *Odyssey*, 10, 20.

<sup>13</sup> *Metam.*, 7 and 14 *passim*.

<sup>14</sup> *Medea*, 754 ff.

<sup>15</sup> *De Bello Civilis*, 6, 461.

<sup>16</sup> Cited in the Laws of the Twelve Tables. See also Virgil, *Elegiques*, 8, 99; Ovid, *Remed. Amor.*, 255.

<sup>17</sup> See Ovid, *Heroides*, 6, 98; *Amores*, 2, 1, 25; Virgil *Elegiques*, 8, 17.

<sup>18</sup> 3, 3, 49.

<sup>19</sup> *Amores* 2, 1, 21-28.

<sup>20</sup> See Ovid, *Fasti*, 6, 131-142, for a description of this bird.

again, to heal the poet's sweetheart, or to rid him of his unrequited love.

Tibullus addressing Delia<sup>21</sup> bids her be bold and fear not her husband's wrath. "For", says he, "Venus protects lovers when abroad. I cite my own case. I need fear neither foot-pads nor wintry storms. Furthermore, an old woman has promised me truly that no prying eyes and prattling tongues can destroy your husband's faith in you." Then to assure Delia that the old witch is fully capable of carrying out her promise, Tibullus recites a lengthy catalogue of her mighty deeds. Then he continues:

She has composed for me an incantation. Chant this thrice, then spit thrice.<sup>22</sup>

We may suspect that Tibullus is not wholly serious. The list of the witch's powers, which, as we have seen, are wholly conventional, he prefaches with the words: "I have seen her doing these things." Obviously he had not. "She alone can use Medea's herbs; She alone has tamed Hecate's dogs." Tibullus thus, in effect, serves notice on his rivals that he has gotten a corner on the witch market. With a twinkle in his eye he warns Delia that this charm which she is to chant thrice and then spit thrice, will help her not a whit if she favors another lover:

Do you however let other lovers alone, for if you do not, your husband will know all; about me only will he perceive nothing.<sup>23</sup>

Propertius invokes the aid of magicians to help him win Cynthia's love, but with the tactless remark that he does not believe in their spells anyhow:

But you who vainly pretend to draw down the moon, and laboriously make sacrifice on magic hearths, come now! change my sweetheart's mind and make her turn paler at sight of me. Then would I believe that you can by Medean incantations, draw down the stars and turn streams backward in their courses.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>21</sup> I, 2.

<sup>22</sup> Lines 53 f.

<sup>23</sup> I, 2, 57 f.

<sup>24</sup> I, 1, 19-24.

Does Propertius mean to discredit magic potency, or, to give Cynthia to understand that her heart is adamantine and harder to change than the courses of stars and streams? The pessimistic tone of the poem makes the latter alternative plausible. Nowhere though does Propertius express full confidence in magic power.

Tibullus, on the familiar theme of the wealthy suitor *versus* the poor poet (in this case himself), attributes his undoing to a meddlesome hag upon whose head he prays dire imprecations:

May she eat bloody food and with gore stained lips drink cups of bitter gall; may the spirits of the dead flit round her lamenting their fates; and may the dread screech-owl ever perch on her roof and sing. May the hag herself, with hunger goading her to fury, seek among the tombs, herbs and bones left by woves. May she run naked and howling through the streets, And may a bloody pack of fierce dogs chase her from the cross-roads.<sup>25</sup>

Cursing the *lена* is again conventional. "But the black bitterness of this passage and the awfulness of the scene suggested are rarely approached elsewhere in Roman poetry."<sup>26</sup>

The intensity of feeling shown here argues that the old woman in question is a real character, not an imaginary one, and that Tibullus has just cause to be angry with her. The curse then is probably meant to be more than conventional. Chief among its items are hunger and thirst. Tibullus prays that the *lена* may be driven to eat raw flesh and drink with bloody lips cups of gall; that she may eat herbs gathered among the tombs and gnaw bones which a wolf has slavered. That is, may she herself turn into a wolf and howl through the streets and be chased from the cross-roads by dogs. Lycanthropy, or wolf-madness is plainly implied. Bones slavered over by a wolf were supposed to produce this terrible transformation. Any part of a wolf was potent in a charm. The climax of uncanniness is reached in the wish that the spirits of the unhappy dead may hover around the hag.

<sup>25</sup> I, 5, 49-56.

<sup>26</sup> K. F. Smith, *Tibullus*, p. 301. The notes of Professor Smith's exhaustive edition contain much information on magic.

Propertius devotes an entire poem to the old *lena*, Acanthis (already dead), who persuaded Cynthia to play off other lovers against him, and thus to extract more money from his purse. The first four lines of the poem contain the worst part of the imprecation:

May thorns grow thick over your tomb, old hag, and may your spirit suffer thirst, a thing *you* wish not. May your vile ghost wander from the grave and be frightened by avenging Cerebus's hungry growl.<sup>27</sup>

Propertius then recounts the *lena*'s cunning arguments by which she had taught Cynthia greed; how he was reduced to skin and bones with anxiety; finally, how Venus came to his aid. He hints that his curse began to take effect before the old woman's death, for he affirms that he saw her die in loathsome poverty.<sup>28</sup> The poem ends, as it began, with a curse:

May an old wine-jar with broken neck be the hag's grave-stone, and over this let the wild fig-tree grow. Let every lover smite this grave with sharp stones, and utter a curse as he flings each stone.<sup>29</sup>

The wild-fig is the burnt-offering made by Horace's witch Canidia.<sup>30</sup> The mention of the broken wine-jar makes it plain that Acanthis was addicted to strong drink. Probably the thirst to be suffered by Tibullus's *lena* was not wholly for water. The magic elements in these charms are worthy of comparison. Tibullus prays that the *lena* may be haunted by the shades of the unhappy dead, be tormented by screech-owls, and be bounded by Cerberus. Tibullus's course is to follow the hag in this life, that of Propertius in the hereafter.

A similar situation occurs in Ovid, almost exactly parallel to the one in Propertius. It is, however, handled differently. Ovid hears the *lena* Dipsas (Thirsty) instructing his sweetheart in the wiles of deception. Dipsas's magic powers are then enumerated in a list somewhat longer and more imposing than that given by Tibullus for the *lena* whom he had employed to aid Delia. Ovid then rehearses Dipsas's arguments, just as

<sup>27</sup> 4, 5, 1-4.

<sup>28</sup> Lines 67-70.

<sup>29</sup> Lines 75-78.

<sup>30</sup> Epode 5.

Propertius does those of Acanthis. These so enrage the poet that he can scarcely restrain himself. In spite of the formidable array of the *lена's* deeds of prowess, he is more angry with her as a meddling old *woman* than intimidated by her occult powers as a *witch*. Ovid concludes with a brief curse:

May the gods grant you a homeless, poverty-stricken old age, long cold winters and incessant thirst.<sup>31</sup>

Ovid's treatment shows the influence of both Tibullus and Propertius, but obviously lacks their sincerity of feeling. Both Dipsas and the sweetheart in the case are evidently imaginary characters.

Propertius several times appeals to magic to cure diseases, both for Cynthia and for himself. During a desperate illness of Cynthia he prays to Jupiter as a last resort, for:

Wheels twirled with incantation fail to help, and the laurel lies on the cold hearth. The moon persistently refuses to come down from the sky, and the black bird chants a doleful omen.<sup>32</sup>

Three charms are mentioned here: the wheel, the burning of laurel boughs from which a good omen would be expected, and drawing down the moon. The bad omen forecast by the failure of these is confirmed by the hooting of the *black bird*, doubtless the screech-owl.

Several times does Propertius inform us that he has sought the aid of magic to be cured of his love for Cynthia, a love so absorbing and violent that it may well have induced physical illness.<sup>33</sup> He laments in the familiar strain that a lover like himself cannot be healed because he will not:

Medicine cures all other human ills: the lover alone wishes not the healing of his disease.<sup>34</sup>

In the following lines the poet says that it would be more difficult to cure him of his love than to heal Philoctetes, bring Androgeon back to life, fill a cask with the pitchers of the

<sup>31</sup> *Amores*, 1, 8, 113 f.

<sup>32</sup> 2, 28, 35-38.

<sup>33</sup> See 4, 5, 64: "My bones could be counted through my shrivelled skin."

<sup>34</sup> 2, 1, 57 f.

Danaids, or unbind Prometheus. Propertius clearly implies here that magic cannot help him. This he plainly states elsewhere:

In my case herbs avail not, nor Medea's nocturnal charms;  
potions brewed by Perimede's hand help not.<sup>35</sup>

By sad experience has he learned that magicians cannot help, for in vain did he pay large fees to many quacks and witches:

Where is there a false prophet whom I have not rewarded?  
Where is there an old witch who has not tried, ten times over, to interpret my dreams?<sup>36</sup>

Ovid elaborates at great length this theme, citing Circe and Medea as famous examples of magicians whose art did not help them when in love.<sup>37</sup>

Tibullus has a prescription for curing love. The same *lена* who promised to help his suit with Delia supplied it:

She likewise said, forsooth, that she could with incantation or herbs dispel my love. With torches she performed for me the lustral ceremony, and on an unclouded night she offered victims of dark color to the gods of magic.<sup>38</sup>

The gods of magic are of the underworld, and must be appeased with victims of black color. Purification by the torch rite is unusual.

Tibullus emphatically states that beauty does not need the aid of magic. Lamenting his estrangement from Delia he tells us that he has tried to forget her in the company of another girl. But Tibullus's evident distraction leads the girl to make the charge that Delia has used magic against him: but all the magic Delia used was the bewitching beauty of her face, arms, and hair:

'Tis not by incantation that my sweetheart does this; by her beautiful face, her soft arms, and her golden hair she curses me.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>35</sup> 2, 4, 15 f.

<sup>36</sup> See Ovid, *Heroides*, 5, 39 f. (Enone did the same when forsaken by Paris.

<sup>37</sup> *Remed. Amor.*, 249-289.

<sup>38</sup> 1, 2, 59-62. See also Ovid, *Heroides* 6, 83-92. Hypsipyle accuses Medea of using magic to win Jason, and enumerates some of her deeds.

<sup>39</sup> 1, 5, 43 f.

In an elegy addressed to Pholœ concerning Marathus, Tibullus asks the girl if an old woman has bewitched her with powerful herbs in the night time that she has tried to stem the boy's love.<sup>40</sup> Tibullus answers his own question:

Why, alas, do I lament that incantation or herbs have harmed the poor fellow? Beauty of soul needs no magic aid.<sup>41</sup>

Ovid similarly decries magic aids to beauty, and gives in conclusion this wholesome advice:

Far from you be every deed of wrong. That you may be loved, be lovable.<sup>42</sup>

All the passages dealing with magic in the four books of poetry bearing the name of Tibullus are in Book I, and are therefore in poems undoubtedly by Tibullus. All but one occur in poems addressed to Delia. Tibullus seeks the aid of magic to shield Delia from gossip; he curses a *lena* for aiding a rival, and suggests magic influence as a possible explanation for his separation from Delia. Discarding this, he declares that Delia's beauty was the reason. Finally, he suggests that the affection of the boy Marathus has been stolen from him by the help of some magician. The tone of the first of these passages is happy and humorous, that of the others is despondent.

Like Tibullus, Propertius avails himself of magic aid to win Cynthia's love, and curses a *lena* for aiding his rival. He resorts to sorcerers to heal Cynthia, and to cure him of his love for her, which may have caused physical illness. Propertius, though, stoutly maintains that magic did not and could not help him. He, too, pleases himself with the fancy that Cynthia ascribed their estrangement to magic. Propertius, lastly, claims that his verse is a love-charm. Excepting the last, and several incidental allusions of small importance,<sup>43</sup> all these are related in some way to the Cynthia affair; all are uniformly despondent or bitter in tone. Tibullus in all cases but one, and Propertius always, appeals

<sup>40</sup> 1, 8, 17 f.

<sup>41</sup> Lines 23 f.

<sup>42</sup> *Ars Amat.*, 2, 99-107. To the same effect is *Medicam. Fac.*, 35-38. See also *Amores*, 1, 14, 39-44. A poor quality of hair dye, not magic, has nearly caused Corinna to lose her hair.

<sup>43</sup> 1, 5, 5 f; 1, 12, 9 f; 2, 1, 51-56; 4, 3, 59-62.

to magic when the course of his love is not running smoothly. Both are conspicuously silent at other times.

The *Amores* alone of Ovid's poetry written in the elegiac meter are real elegy of the type developed by Tibullus and Propertius. In the *Amores* are found some, but not all, of the magic situations employed by Ovid's predecessors. Ovid expresses his resentment against the *lena* Dipsas, but, instead of a long and bitter curse, contents himself with a catalogue of her powers, most of which had been already named by Tibullus and Propertius. He, too, ascribes to his poetry magic power, the ordinary reversals of the laws of nature. Ovid also attributes to occult influence his lack of responsiveness in the presence of his beloved. Magic, he says, can blight the corn, the acorn, the grape, and the apple; and why not the human body.<sup>44</sup>

Ovid, as might be expected, treats the subject of magic most extensively in the *Metamorphoses*, but the treatment is notably different from that of the *Amores*: it is that of the *raconteur*. The marvellous and dramatic elements are emphasized and enlarged upon because they make a good story. In the *Amores* Ovid follows the conventions of elegy as laid down by Tibullus and Propertius, in magic as in other respects.

In conclusion, we may ask, to what extent did Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid really believe in the efficacy of magic? Are their utterances inspired by genuine belief, or by the convention of the Roman elegy? Is magic a part of the elegiac paraphernalia, like the poet's sweetheart, or the *paraklausithuron* directed at her house-door? These questions cannot be answered categorically and for all three poets alike.

The feats of magic enumerated by Tibullus are all thoroughly conventional, and occur elsewhere in Roman literature, most of them many times over. Tibullus's catalogue became, in fact, an accepted *Witch Manual* in the Middle Ages. The *lenae* did practice magic, and it is entirely possible that Tibullus resorted to them. The extreme bitterness of his course against the *lena* who aided a rival argues that this was a real, not an imaginary case. Propertius, barring a few incidental allusions, never mentions the subject except in connection with Cynthia, and always

<sup>44</sup> *Amores*, 3, 7, 27-35.

when his *amour* is going badly. Invariably the tone of these poems is despondent and pessimistic. He appeals to magicians to make Cynthia love him more, but plainly says that they are quacks. He implored them to cure Cynthia's disease, but found them powerless to do it. He begged them to free him of his love, but with a like result.

The intensely subjective character of the love poetry of both Tibullus and Propertius makes it plausible, to say the least, that they really did have faith in magicians and resort to them. The desperate mood in which they, especially Propertius, often found themselves very probably drove them to consult magic practitioners, regardless of how disreputable these persons were, or how remote the chance of receiving benefit from them. Superstition was rife among the Romans, both high and low. The educated may have denied any belief in magic, or made light of it, but at heart, nevertheless, they believed. The reiterated advice which all three of our elegists give to their sweethearts to beware of magic, that beauty needs no such aid, should not be interpreted as disbelief on their part, but as compliments, rather commonplace ones, too, to these sweethearts.

Ovid's treatment of magic is, I think, entirely conventional. His love elegies nowhere have the subjective quality of Tibullus and Propertius. He borrows the whole elegiac machinery from his predecessors, and magic is a part of that machinery. His Corinna was not a real woman, the object of his all-consuming passion, as Delia was for Tibullus and Cynthia for Propertius. Even in magic itself Ovid follows the conventional treatment of his predecessors. A comparison here between the *Metamorphoses* and the *Amores* makes this clear.

The magic of Tibullus and Propertius is of the conventional sort, though the situations in which they introduce it may well be real, not conventional. In Ovid, both the magic itself and the situations are wholly conventional. In actual life as well as in poetic convention magic was inseparably connected with love. Of love magic *per se*, however, such as we find in Theocritus's second *Idyl*, Virgil's eighth *Eclogue*, and Horace's *Epode*, we find little in Roman elegy.

T. W. DICKSON.

Syracuse University.

## A HAPPY CHRONICLE OF THE GOTHAM STAGE

Professor Odell is of all living men the one best qualified to undertake the task he has set himself of writing the complete history of the New York theatre, of which these two tall and thick volumes are the first instalment.<sup>1</sup> Throughout a life-time he has been an ardent theatre-goer and student of all things dramatic, and, as he says in his Introduction, it has been his life-long habit to accumulate mementoes of plays and players of other ages. In addition to this interest and this material, he possesses prodigious patience, which has not fainted even under the devastating dullness of multiplied thousands of old newspapers that must be scanned for stray items touching on the subject of his research.

Thoroughness, then, is to be anticipated, but perhaps the most surprising thing about these volumes is that they are interesting. The appalling mass of detail the author has to present might be expected to anæsthetize the most courageous reader. And indeed most of his predecessors in the field have accomplished precisely that. Except for Dunlap, the pioneer chronicler of the American theatre, the various histories of our stage make about as exciting reading as the telephone directory. Professor Odell's annals are interesting because he has brought to them the enthusiasm and the imagination of a "true-begotten" play-goer. To him the record has to do with a living institution, conducted by and for actual human beings; and, by virtue of his prolonged and sympathetic study, these dim names and obscure personalities, these primitive playhouses, and these quaintly costumed audiences come alive and take on an unwanted contemporaneousness.

In this connection the work has been criticized—perhaps not without reason—for the persistent sprightliness of its style. But it is refreshing to find a distinguished authority who, being no humorless pedant, refuses to approach his task with depressing solemnity, and who can afford to smile and to invite the reader

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<sup>1</sup>*Annals of the New York Stage, Vol. I (to 1798), Vol. II (1798-1821).* By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University Press. New York. 1927.

to smile over the labor of years. Furthermore, those who know Professor Odell personally are glad to hear throughout these pages the echoes of his vivid and individual talk. Not that it all reads like a familiar essay. There are necessarily many patches of solidly massed detail, for which the author duly apologizes, but which are essential to his purpose.

The story these two footnoteless<sup>2</sup> volumes tell, covering about one hundred and twenty years, is a fascinating one. It begins with the first vague mention of a visiting actor, Richard Hunter, who may or may not have presented plays in New York around 1700; and ends with the departure of Edmund Kean in 1821 after his first appearance here. Between these two events—worlds apart in their artistic implications—are the manifold gradations by which the theatre evolved from a suspected and incredibly primitive thing to the luxurious and impressively capable institution it was during the second decade of the nineteenth century. Along the way one encounters such shaping events as the coming of the Hallams to America in 1752, the most significant occurrence in our early stage history; the building of the John Street theatre in 1767, the first permanent home of drama in New York; the Revolution, with the consequent suppression of the theatres; the activity of the military players both British

<sup>2</sup>One problem that arises in any such investigation as this is, what to do about footnotes? Professor Odell solves it by abolishing them altogether, as he did in his earlier *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*. In his own words: "I have discarded the mechanism of footnotes, bibliographies, and other scholarly *impedimenta*, and have incorporated in the text every item that has assisted to the goal proposed. . . . I have adopted this method, in order that the goal may be distracted as little as possible from the main line of discourse." Which indicates that he is no Dr. Dry-as-dust, who gauges the value of a scholarly work by the quantity of machinery with which it is burdened. This is encouraging, especially when it is remembered that Professor Odell is himself an instructor of those who produce doctoral theses. At the same time it may be questioned whether his solution is the final one, for it results in a somewhat cluttered text by reason of a more or less constant repetition of the names of newspapers and other sources of information. It also leads to vague book references, which are disturbing to a reader who wishes to verify a citation or pursue a phase of the subject more fully. A system that is not often used but that recommends itself to the present reviewer is to marshal all notes together at the back of the book, as for instance, in Dr. John Livingston Lowes's recent *The Road to Xanadu*. Thus they are easily accessible to the curious, but the symbols of reference do not offer an almost irresistible temptation to the reader to glance down to the bottom of the page, with the consequent loss in continuity of the text which Professor Odell is rightly intent on avoiding; as, again for instance, in this present footnote which precisely illustrates the point I am making.

and American, to which the author devotes a long chapter full of fresh material; the advent of the amazing Hodgkinson and the magnificent Cooper; the troubled but important years of Dunlap's management when a notable company trod the boards; the opening during this period of the famous Park Theatre in 1798; the spectacular reign of Cooper and Stephen Price, who assembled a group of players that would have commanded respect anywhere, and who brought to those shores a succession of famous actors—George Frederick Cooke, the Holmans, J. W. Wallack, and Kean.

But Professor Odell's broad pages are too hospitable to confine themselves to the theatre alone; every form of public entertainment is chronicled in full detail. Season by season we learn what was offered in the way of concerts, circuses, acrobatic performances, exhibitions of monsters, Coney Island precursors, catch-penny shows, etc., etc. Probably the average reader will skip much of this to get on with the more engrossing story of the legitimate stage; but here for all time is the record of these minor attractions, and no one will ever need to do this piece of research again. Nor is it an unimportant record. It is just such items as these that illuminate our early cultural history by showing what the popular taste of a bygone age demanded—and, incidentally, that gives us seriously to meditate on the progress, or lack of it, in the taste of our own enlightened era.

When Professor Odell's eighth volume has brought his account down to the present time, he will have completed a study that must long be regarded as a monument of patient and accurate investigation. Eschewing secondary sources, he goes directly to contemporary newspapers, magazines, autobiographies, diaries, letters, playbills, ledgers, etc. Hence innumerable facts are here for the first time made available, and some errors of his predecessors are corrected. The author completes and vivifies his annals by the inclusion of a multitude of rare illustrations, most of them from his own collection, which are a potent aid in recalling from oblivion the playhouses and the players of a vanished age.

It is always a solid satisfaction to come upon a work that does with completeness and finality the thing it sets out to do. Professor Odell is producing that kind of a work.

ORAL SUMNER COAD.

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Rutgers University.

## BROWNING PASSES

"The idea of Pippa Passes" wrote Mrs. Orr, "flashed upon Browning of someone walking. . . alone through life; one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting though unconscious influence at every step of it: and the image shaped itself into the little silk-winder of Asolo, Filippa or Pippa." A suggestive comment this, for it seems to be peculiarly applicable to the poet himself who wrote "Pippa Passses"; that Robert Browning who walked alone through life, leaving not a trace of his passage in his art; yet exercising a lasting though unconscious influence at every step of it; that Browning who successfully dodged behind his various *dramatis personæ* in eluding those who sought in his poetry a comprehensive disclosure of his own mind, his preferences and loyalties: a revelation of his own soul.

Which of you did I enable  
Once to slip inside my breast,  
There to catalogue and label  
What I like least, what love best!

You are supposed, the challenge of these lines implies, either to take his poetry without relating it to the secret mutabilities of his preferences, or to leave it severely alone. Disregarding his challenge, if you try to reconstruct the mind and soul of Robert Browning from the specimens of these mutabilities he has left in his poems, you will chase the rainbow. For all these specimens reveal is that the mind of the poet was like the shapes that come and go in a drifting cloud.

Is there not something grossly indecent in the spectacle of the unabashed emptying of a mind: something as indecent as the shameless exposure of the contents of a boy's pockets? And this indecency is the more repulsive when the mind is the mind of a poet; for we expect, do we not?, a poet to have the delicacy for the amenities which makes us feel that there is more to him than we can possibly squeeze from the orange of his verse. But if he insists in making his art bear the burden of his total conception of the universe with all the marginalia

and glosses which accumulate in the process of achieving it, the result is something like the disgusting display of a hen's gizzard. This is bad enough; but there is something worse. To make poetry serve as a vehicle of philosophy is to take unfair advantage of the seducible mind of a reader. For philosophy *qua* poetry can hardly be less than an evasive and deceptive mode of implanting *ipse dixits* which seduce the less wary by the adroitness of the art.

Because of this conviction, I have recently harboured some suspicion of certain poets of unquestioned significance: with Jesuitical cunning, I have distracted attention from my heresy by faithfully mouthing citations from the most orthodox rabbins. Now, however, I am encouraged, by the publication of Dr. Russell's *One Word More on Browning*<sup>1</sup> to guard my heterodoxy no longer, at least with regard to Browning. For Mrs. Russell is a competent and thorough student of the poetry of this "robust optimist": she indeed is one who may, without impudence, say: "Browning was as flexible as the Dinosaur":

No problem bothered him a bit;  
He made both tail and head of it;  
And he could think without congestion  
Upon both sides of every question.

Certainly, however irreverent these lines may sound to one whose attachment to Browning is greater than my own, Dr. Russell seems to have caught the essential Browning in a clever quatrain; the essential Browning, that is, considered only as a philosopher: never as a poet. Yet this same quatrain might have been written by Dr. Russell as her criticism of her own book (changing, of course, the masculine pronoun for the feminine): for Dr. Russell persists in the fallacy of regarding Browning as a thinker, rather than as a poet. Her book, nevertheless, in its effort to be discriminating and just, is an encouraging sign of a certain cautious and judicious re-valuation of Browning; at times, indeed, laudibly bold. It was bold, for instance, of Dr. Russell to say in the face of an almost nervous

<sup>1</sup>*One More Word on Browning*. By Frances Theresa Russell. California: Stanford University Press. Pp. 157.

solicitude by Browning-students for his weight as a philosopher: "It was [the] combination of dynamic disposition and static character that caused him [Browning] to write himself out early and thereafter construct an elaborate fugue on each of a few favorite themes. That condition, plus the fact that his life was pretty well insulated from storms and cushioned against shocks, permitted him to talk big about 'tasting the whole of it', and to welcome stings and rebuffs with the engaging air of one whose guests are uniformly courteous and considerate."

Fortitude of this character, however, uniformly sustained throughout the entire treatment, is lacking in Dr. Russell's book. In various sections it misses fire because it is too consciously and painstakingly academic: the mark of the academician is seen in its soda-water Laodiceanism, in its tendency to cumbersome and frequently bromidic metaphor, and in its rhombic style. Yet in spite of these defects which cause a lack of verve, *One Word More on Browning* is sufficiently provocative to deserve the serious attention of the lover of Browning's work, and sufficiently free from the prevalent *Browningitis* to allure others. The time has come, thinks this critic, that a service be performed for Browning which will save that which is valid from that which is not: some such service, in short, as Matthew Arnold performed for Wordsworth.

Our difficulty has been that we have insisted that Browning was a philosopher; but the philosophy is too inconsistent to be permanently and totally adequate. Dr. Russell's book, therefore, is not for the beginner: for the proper attitude in a novice is a susceptibility to the factitious enthusiasm which the Browning cult has so assiduously sustained. Of the hundred thousand lines, divided into nearly two hundred and fifty poems, "the majority of which are doomed to limbo", to which, asks Dr. Russell, are we to "crook a beckoning finger and assure them that not in vain have they lifted their voices against the derisive silence of eternity?" In answer, she proposes a list of fifty poems. Surely, this question and answer neatly indicate that Browning passes: passes, that is to say, as a philosopher, however permanently he may remain as a poet. And, as if to corroborate the fact, Dr. George Herbert Clarke (formerly edi-

tor of THE SEWANEE REVIEW) has just published *Selected Poems of Robert Browning*<sup>2</sup> which remarkably parallels Dr. Russell's proposed list of Browning's enduring poems.

Thus, in the simultaneous publishing of these two books on Browning, we have reached the first stage in the establishment of the Browning canon. Now, through the use of Dr. Clarke's book—for which there has been a crying need—undergraduates may be nicely regimented in a sound taste for the permanently enduring specimens of Browning's art: for readers of advanced taste, Dr. Russell's collection of essays (two of which first appeared in this Quarterly) offers some suggestion for a re-valuation, in a more tense critical climate, of Browning's artistic achievement. Both scholars are agreed on many points, though there is obviously less special pleading in *One Word More on Browning* than in *Selected Poems*. Their basic disagreement may be seen in pertinent citations from each. "Since Browning's appeal to individuals," says Dr. Clarke, "is usually cumulative throughout life, it may well be that it will long prove cumulative for the race also, much as there may be in his work that time will slough off or set aside." "Accordingly, Robert Browning," says Dr. Russell, familiarly addressing the shade of the poet, "the things about you for which we care the least are the very ones for which you were blue-ribboned by your own generation. They have been allowed by default ever since, but you will now have to begin living them down. And, conversely, what we prize are the darker streaks in your 'veined humanity', not for their darkness, but for their richness, depth, and truth . . . it is when you celebrate the heroisms and loyalties of the ambiguous creatures, discouragingly weak and incredibly strong, summoned into this life, it is when you sing of the beauty and wonder and the power of this world, that you enter into our common heritage of grief and mystery, and render it more luminous and durable. And thus from your manifold pages we shall select and hold parley with Certain Poems of Importance, enshrining them along with the *Grecian Urn*, *Dover Beach*, *Gloucester Moors*, and *Pulvis et Umbra*." W. S. K.

<sup>2</sup>*Selected Poems of Robert Browning*. Edited with Introduction and Notes by George Herbert Clarke, M.A., Litt.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

## BLESSED BE PAINSTAKERS

A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Walter W. Jennings. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. 1926. Pp. 819.

If we could have a law that only those of ripe wisdom, erudition, and decent command of language may write the books for the instruction of our college youth! For in these days of fast presses, quick turnover, crowded schools, and hunger for academic "recognition", who is there willing to work hard, think long, be patient, and polish the written page till it hurts? Gone is the principle that only the best is worthy of a writer of anything. Unrelieved dullness, shameless repetition of material found in a few standard works, pages crowded with unmastered facts and figures until the eyes ache looking at them, such are the large faults of Professor Jennings. Like Molière's Jourdain he too has felt that as soon as he got pen and ink (add scissors and paste to make the picture modern), he has become a writer of prose.

It was the author's plan to write of economic progress which is "neither materialism nor the economic interpretation of history". But this pious intention became lost in the sweaty labor of piecing the history together, and consciousness of sin returned to torture him towards the end. A man in such desperate straits will not be outdone in piety or homily before the mourners' bench, and so with flags unfurled to the wind, and the band blaring out hymn and anthem, he roars his salute of all Rotarian guns. In a few paragraphs every national and personal vice is valiantly assailed. "It is a shame that a great people can thoughtlessly" spend \$22,700,000,000 on luxuries or semi-luxuries; which includes tobacco, face powder, cosmetics, cigars, toilet soaps, joy rides, automobiles, soft drinks, musical instruments, chewing gum, ice cream. He can estimate the toll of every sin in lives and dollars. "If the wages for working girls were adequate, there would be less vice, for they would not have to accept and eventually pay for the attention of men in order to go to places of amusement or obtain the dainty clothes they crave. If every betrayer of a girl were compelled to marry her, if she were willing, or serve a lengthy prison term

rather than pay a fine, vice of this sort would be reduced." The true patriot is he who works for future generations, seeks to right the wrongs, and "obeys the law at all times". Profound sociological and political observations, indeed! What fifteen-year-old simplicity! And last, if every waste is abolished, America could "do away with radicalism and make this the greatest Christian nation of all time". Of course. Blessed be they who have shakings and twitchings, and can see the mass of miserable earth-matter bathed in sweetness.

E. M. K.

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### GERERAL SMUTS ON EVOLUTION

**HOLISM AND EVOLUTION.** By General the Right Honorable J. C. Smuts. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. Pp. xii, 362.

As may be verified from an authoritative article by the physicist Heyl in the *Scientific Monthly* (November, 1926), current science formally asserts a discontinuous universe. This is equivalent to asserting an unmoral, irreligious, "accidental and fortuitous concourse of atoms"—this is materialism. General Smuts offers this bookful of observable facts in highly competent disproof of such orthodox science. The "holism" which he establishes means the doctrine of wholes or unity or continuity—the name coming from the same Greek root as do the words 'healing', 'holiness.'

Holism is a logic (a technical method of unifying facts into laws or principles or morals) which, so far as I know, is quite unique. It would take many pages to describe it intelligibly; and to show that in a broad way Smuts uses it soundly, although in many details he is unsteady and even self-contradictory—a pioneering defect himself allows for. The only point of direct interest to the general reader about this technical aspect of the book is that Smuts shows (see especially p. 321) that the unusual "emergent" "or creative" evolution, which has been proclaimed by some biologists [e.g., H. F. Osborn and Jennings in America] in an effort to correct Darwinian materialism or atheism, is still at bottom discontinuous and wrong.

In the long run, probably the greatest value of this book will be its constructive offering of an unusual form of sound logic,

based on the obvious concrete facts. But just now its greatest significance lies in the fact that an able and eminent statesman, quite outside the ranks of professional scientists, should have felt it to be his duty to object to the materialism of current science.

S. KLYCE.

Winchester, Massachusetts.

### THE MOVING FINGER WRITES . . .

**BEYOND BEHAVIORISM: THE FUTURE OF PSYCHOLOGY:** By Robert Courtney. New York: Grant Publications, Inc. Pp. 133.

**THE RELIGION CALLED BEHAVIORISM.** By Dr. Louis Berman. New York: Boni and Liveright. Pp. 153.

Two brief, but thoroughly penetrating, criticisms of Behaviorism make obvious the challenge which this rapidly spreading type of psychology is presenting to us. Sooner or later the pundits of Protestantism will awaken to the fact that their frontal assault on evolutionary biology was lost before the attack began, because the adversary had withdrawn to another field of battle. When they discover that their true opponents are not the biologists but the Behaviorist psychologists there will be a battle royal. For Behaviorists not only naively regard as pious frauds most of the spiritual compensations of religion, especially of the Christian religion, but with a brazen impudence dispense with most of the commonest assumptions we hold with respect to the nature of man. Denying the supernatural is nothing new in the warfare of science and religion but denying the concept of consciousness is indeed something new. There would probably be no prospect of a drawn battle between the camps of Christians and Behaviorists if the latter quietly proceeded to reduce "psychology" to psychological behavior of human beings. But they have willed to make their physiology of conduct into something perilously approaching religion through the avenue of an inductive philosophy; and this religion is nothing more or less than a recrudescence of necessitarian materialism.

Curiously enough, the first two antagonists of this new materialistic religion are not expert theologians. The author of *The*

*Religion Called Behaviorism* is a physician who attacks Behaviorism with considerable penetration, relying on data employed by the Behaviorists but with a different purpose. Mr. Courtney, the author of *Beyond Behaviorism*, is inclined to more poetic raptures and discusses the defects of Behaviorism with considerable optimism; holding that it is a mere transitional phase of a physiological psychology which has needlessly abandoned the objects of inquiry of the older psychology. Both books are provocative and suggestive; and though neither is completely satisfactory as an exhaustive examination of the fundamental fallacies of Behaviorism as a philosophy, together they make evident some of the weaknesses of a science of conduct which its chief expositor, Dr. Watson, has somewhat recklessly exalted to a plane where it will inevitably attract the militant resistance of defenders of the faith once delivered to the saints.

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MOLE PHILOSOPHY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Cassius J. Keyser. New York: E. P. Dutton Company. Pp. 232.

In this pleasant series of short meditations, the eminent Professor of Mathematics of Columbia University has, in a variety of ways and occasioned by diverse subjects, reiterated his buoyant belief in the myth-making tendency of man. "Pursuit of the unattainable is the proper vocation of man", he says and illustrates his aphorism by acute observation of the ways of friends and the course of incident of his life. A brave gospel he offers his readers; one which may well brace the will in moments of despondency. Blowing through all of the essays is a genial personality in whom many will delight. Here and there is casually dropped a comment of profound suggestiveness which sets the mind off blithely in the joyful ways of reflection.

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BREAD AND FIRE. By Charles Rumford Walker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Pp. 302.

This incisively written novel, by the author of *Steel*, is significant because it is a healthy indication of a return to the essential problems that confronted the "younger generation" of the

Rooseveltian era. The vacuity of the present "younger generation" so trenchantly revealed in the novels of Scott Fitzgerald is made vividly conspicuous by the earnest and passionate social concerns of the hero of *Bread and Fire*. Interesting as fiction, with intense portraiture, *Bread and Fire* depicts the career of a young intellectual bravely attempting to arrive at an adequate understanding of our complex industrial society in intimate experiences in copper rolling mills, rubbing elbows with the dissatisfied and not entirely inarticulate proletariat. Its descriptions of rolling mills are as convincing as those of steel mills in the author's earlier book, and are distinguished by the same pervading sense of their color, their volcanic splendor, their gorgeous energy, their epic suggestiveness.

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GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS AND FRIENDS. By Charles F. Thwing. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. Pp. 476.

The president emeritus of Western Reserve University in his long and useful life personally know many of the most eminent and influential British and American thinkers, statesmen and educators. In this late autumn harvest, sub-titled "Studies of College Men", Dr. Thwing presents a series of sketches of some of these avatars, believing that his essays "also may serve a bit to present some of these educational movements, to interpret some of the educational problems, of the last half-century": in other words, through the medium of biography, he has outlined the educational history of the United States since the Civil War. Besides three affectionate studies of statesmen who owed much to their colleges—Bryce, Morley, and Hay—Dr. Thwing devotes much of his attention to the presidents of the great colleges and universities during the last half of the nineteenth century: Eliot of Harvard, Gilman of Johns Hopkins, White of Cornell, Hopkins of Williams, Harper of Chicago, and Tucker of Dartmouth.

While Dr. Thwing's book may be of great value in informing those whose access to biographies is limited, and may be highly recommended for his high tone and Christian earnestness, nevertheless it suffers, as so many of Dr. Thwing's books suffer, by

his liberal appropriations from his readings ; by ascetic reticence in personal reminiscence. Most of the essays, in spite of their panegyric intention, could have been made considerably more vivid and informing had the distinguished author brought to his treatment the rich accumulations of his own experience and judgments of these men. In place of that, we have, via the scissors-and-paste method, just so many sapless eulogies of men who deserved better at the hands of their friend.

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PROHIBITION AND CHRISTIANITY. AND OTHER PARADOXES OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Pp. 319.

Something there is about John Erskine's mind which doesn't like a wall. Something more there is which is just perverse and wilful; he calls it "intelligence", a word as often on his lips as "culture" was on Matthew Arnold's. By it he probably means cleverness. Knowing what one expects him to say, he deliberately says the contrary. Much of what he says is penetrating and stimulating, but there is also—alas!—much irrelevant cleverness mixed up in it. For this reason his collection of reprinted essays in *Prohibition and Christianity* will no doubt greatly appeal to those who enjoy his pungent, acid wit.

The essay on "The American Character" is the ablest in the book. In the others, his aloofness and detachment are irritating; he is too much and too often in the pontifical manner. Ah! Those robes of the seer and the prophet: if he only could say with Prospero, "Lie there, my art!"

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MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Literary Guild of America. 1927. Pp. 241.

*Mr. Fortune's Maggot* is as gentle, as humorous, as humane as *Elmer Gantry* is not. Mr. Fortune, too, is a clergyman, but how different from Mr. Lewis's scapegoat! Mr. Fortune's maggot, "his nonsensical or perverse fancy", is his attempt to convert the natives of an idyllic (and imaginary) South Sea Sea Island reminiscent of Herman Melville's *Typee*. His attempt ends with the discovery that his one "convert" is

secretly worshiping an idol, and that he loves this boy too well to try to change him. Mr. Fortune has lost his mission, but he has found a courage and a renunciation great enough to carry him away from his beloved island. The tale of Mr. Fortune's dealings the nation is told with an irresistible humor (the geometrical definition of an umbrella alone should make the book famous). It is refreshing to find a writer who can smile, not rail, at clerical and human failings, a book overflowing, not with gall and bitterness, but with the milk of human kindness..

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**WILD GOSLINGS.** A Selection of Fugitive Pieces. By William Rose Benét. New York: George H. Doran Company: Pp. 356.

For the wicker chair on the front porch, down by the sea, or up the mountains, Mr. Benét's inconsequential études will deepen the cheer on a bright autumn's morning. Much gaiety, some wisdom, a dash of not unpleasant malice make these little literary reprints highly entertaining. "Importry and Exportry", "Bathroom Reciters" and "Dull Mornings Have Been in New York" are especially bright—for Mr. Benét. For people who are interested in the husband of Elinor Wylie they are indispensable.

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**THE FREE-LANCE WRITERS' HANDBOOK.** Edited by W. D. Kennedy. Cambridge, Mass.: Writers' Publishing Co. 1926.

Art is art, but authors are authors, and most of them are unfit for anything else. Therefore the multitude of literary practitioners will be grateful to the editors and contributors of this business-like handbook. We miss the usual lists of dont's, but are fully repaid by the excellence of the articles from Dr. Canby, Mrs. Gerould, Burgess Johnson, and others. It is by far the best source of information on "markets" and the practical problems of living by your pen.

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# The Sewanee Review

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WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER



October-December, 1927

PAESTUM (three sonnets)	Charlotte F. Babcock
THE SANITY OF WONDERLAND	George Shelton Hubbell
HIGH NOON (a sonnet)	Alice Freda Braunlich
MATTHEW ARNOLD AT OXFORD	William S. Knickerbocker
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE	George Merrick Baker
BALLADE (after Rudel)	Elspeth MacDuffie
A SPORTING POET	W. B. Gates
THE RELIGION OF MRS. CARLYLE	Mabel Davidson
BARBARA (a poem)	Grace Ryder Bennett
FRANKENSTEIN LITERATURE	Cary F. Jacob
THE DECAY OF THE PROVINCES	Jay B. Hubbell
AN OLD SOUTHERN HOME (a poem)	Edith Tatum
MAGIC: A THEME OF ROMAN ELEGY	T. W. Dickson
BOOK REVIEWS:	
A Happy Chronicle	Oral Sumner Coad
Browning Passes	W. S. K.
Blessed be Painstakers	Eugene M. Kayden
General Smuts on Evolution	S. Klyce
The Moving Finger Writes	The Editor

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## Contributors to the October Review

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Miss CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK, of Boston, Massachusetts, has contributed poems to recent issues of this Quarterly. A volume of her verse will shortly be published by the Four Seas Publishing Company.

Dr. GEORGE SHELTON HUBBELL, Assistant Professor of English at the University of California in Los Angeles, continues his delightful essays on children in literature. He wrote "Katherine Mansfield and Kezia", which appeared in the July, 1927, number.

Dr. GEORGE MERRICK BAKER is Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

Miss ELSPETH MACDUFFIE lives in Springfield, Massachusetts, and teaches in a girls' school there. Her verses, anonymously published in various periodicals, have attracted considerable attention.

Mr. W. B. GATES, formerly instructor in English at Southwestern University, and the University of Texas, is now Associate Professor of English at Texas Technological College.

Miss MABEL DAVIDSON contributed the essay "A Lady to be Remembered" to the July, 1923, *SEWANEE REVIEW*. She is Adjunct Professor of English at Randolph-Macon Women's College.

Dr. CARY F. JACOB wrote "Foreboding in August", a poem which appeared in the July issue; he also contributed "The Faust Attitude Toward Women" in the October, 1918, and "The South that Never Was" to the April, 1927, numbers.

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Mr. S. KLYCE, of Winchester, Massachusetts, has frequently reviewed books on science for this Quarterly.

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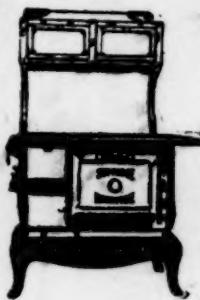
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